The Oxford Democrat.

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THE HOMEMAKER'S COLUMN.

A CHRISTMAS BUDGET.

As we don't receive many contributions on this subject it must be because our homemakers have nothing to offer, so, this time, our corner shall be mainly given to this subject.

The following hints are collected from various sources, and some one ought to be just suited to everyone's purse, time, and inclination.

The Floral Cabinet, for November, gives many hints for Xmas-time, among them the following:

CASE FOR EYE GLASSES.

Cut a piece of plush something like the shape of an envelope, only about half as wide, embroider if liked, and line with plush and an interlining of crinoline, finish the edge with a silk cord. Close the ends in front and fasten, put a bow of ribbon on top with a safety pin sewed on the back of it to fasten to the dress.

PAD TO RUB GLASSES.

Cut two pieces plush or velvet and two of chamois skin the shape of an eye-glass, but larger. Embroider the plush pieces, baste on the chamois and button-hole stitch them together, then tie the pieces together with a narrow ribbon.

WORK BASKET.

Work baskets, napkin rings, etc., can be crocheted in any pattern, either from knitting cotton, macreme cord or fish twine. When finished rub well in stiff boiled starch and stretch over any box or dish of the right shape and tie in place until dry. Then give two or three coats of shellac drying between and lastly a coat of varnish.

Articles may be lined or not according to the fancy. For a work basket or box make a needle book and pin cushion like the lining.

ORNAMENTAL BROOMS AND BRUSHES.

Whisk brooms and brushes can be ornamented by covering the handle and as far as the cord of the broom with plush, velvet, or cashmere. Finish with a cord and tassels to hang, or make a cardboard just large enough to allow the broom placed handle down to slip through the place left open at the bottom.

We have seen broom handles covered and dressed like a doll, the features worked and a cap on the head.

SLIPPERS.

Toilet slippers are always useful to a lady, and so make a serviceable Christmas present.

Germantown wool or worsted may be used; the light colors are more fanciful, but soil quickly. For real service cardinal or gray is best.

Beginning at the toe, make a chain of 15 stitches; go back with single crochet, widening in the middle. Continue back and forth, widen in the middle stitch for 15 rows, and go on with only 15 stitches for the piece to go around the heel. When long enough, fasten to the other side of the front. Put a shell border around the top, making loops for an elastic. Sew the tops to soles, which can be bought already bound with braid. Run in a ribbon over the elastic and finish with a bow on the toe.

A TEAPOT STAND.

This is a useful present, and for those who cannot afford one of the tiles used for this, purpose the following is a substitute:

Cut two circles of red flannel the size of a tea plate, put a sheet of wadding between and sew the edges together, overhand and work a loose button-hole stitch all around to make a foundation to crochet a shell upon.

Then sew both sides of the mat full of porcelain buttons, set on as thick as they can be. The heat wont go through the buttons enough to hurt any table.—*Our Country Home.*

—Every housekeeper has a store of old buttons, and this is a good way to utilize them. Sort over the stock and arrange with some regularity; in this way all sorts and sizes will look as well as if all were alike.

ORNAMENTAL CLOCK.

A common cigar box, says the *American Agriculturist*, may aid in the ornamentation of an ordinary clock. Cut a hole in the bottom of the box, large enough to admit the face of the clock, cover the box neatly with plush, cut the opening in the plush an inch smaller than the one in the box, slash it around, and draw it through, and glue it to the inside of the box. The lid should be covered separately and fastened on the box with small hinges or by means of pieces of muslin glued on the inside to serve as hinges. Fasten the clock securely in the box. A vine may be embroidered or painted on the plush before the box is covered. If liked, cover a small shelf for the clock with the same material and finish with fringe.

FOR MANY USES.

A bag which will serve as a slipper pocket or a receptacle for soiled handkerchiefs and collars, or even for a case in which to keep knitting or fancy work, is easily made, and is pretty enough to hang in the sitting-room by the side of the sewing machine. It is one of those conveniences so dear to the feminine heart, and which serves alike for use and ornament.

The materials are blue and white striped ticking and pink silesia—get a good quality and pretty stripe in the ticking, and the pink shade that will go prettily with the blue. Have the piece of ticking thirty inches long, twenty-three wide; make a shirred pocket of the silesia and put across the bottom; this must extend half way up the ticking; put on a bow at the top of the pocket; above this shirring and extending across the ticking, put another strip of ticking, which is to be divided into these pockets by rows of machine stitching. Work the stripes in the pockets in a feather stitch, using pink crewel for the blue stripes, and blue crewel for the white stripes.

This makes a very useful and pretty gift and it may be hung in the sitting-room or sleeping-room.—*Me. State Press.*

GLUE PAINT FOR FLOORS.

A cheap and durable paint for floors, which will dry so rapidly as to give very little inconvenience in putting on, is made this way:

To three pounds of spruce yellow add one pound or two pounds if desired of dry white lead, and mix well together. Dissolve two ounces of glue in one quart of water, stirring often until smooth and near boiling.

For large floors, double or treble these proportions will be needed.

Thicken the glue water after the manner of mush, until it will spread smoothly on the floor. Use a common paint brush and hot. This will fill all the crevices of a rough floor, such as are often found in kitchens. It will dry soon, and when dry apply boiled linseed oil with a clean brush. In a few hours it will be found dry enough to use by laying papers or mats to step on for a few days.—A. B. W., in *New York Tribune.*

For the DEMOCRAT.

MY WORDS WILL LAST.

My words, sweet one, will last I say to thee,
Each word will find its own congenial place,
And burst its garden ground a flower of grace,
Enriching summer seasons yet to be;
Ah, yes, each word of love I thus can see,
Can thus full plain its growth with gladness trace,
And see it run its sweet appointed race,
And live in thee because it came from me!
My heart has faith that naught I do is lost,
But gathered safe within thy bosom warm,
Untouched by time or winter's chilling frost,
Forever safe from blight of earthly storm;
So safe, so nurst in memory's magic bower,
Each word of mine shall grow to fruit and flower!

W. B.

THE ISLE OF CONTENT.

BY S. CONANT FOSTER.

There's a land in a latitude near to us all
Where each dweller may follow his bent;
It is under no monarch's tyranical thrall,
And is known as the Isle of Content.

It's a wonderful spot: if you ask, it will bring
To you quickly whate'er you desire;
What it can not produce—(it's a singular thing),—
That is just what you never require.

By the balmiest zephyrs of Happiness fanned,
It is neither too cold nor too hot,
And the lasses and lads never care in this land
Whether school is in session or not.

In Content, tho' but poor, yet you feel, ne'ertheless,
You are equal in wealth to a king,
While a tear in the trousers or darn in the dress
You consider a capital thing.

If you haven't the money to purchase a meal
(I have been in that strait once or twice),
Take a reef in your vest and you'll instantly feel
(If you live in Content) "very nice."

When I notice a lad with a bright sunny smile
That extends for three inches, or more,
Then I nudge myself inwardly, thinking, the while,
"He's encamped on Content's happy shore."

I have dwelt on this beautiful island at times,
While inditing small verses for you,
And I often have wondered if, reading my rhymes,
You were there as a resident, too.

—*St. Nicholas for November.*

A LUCKY ACCIDENT.

"I say, Charlie, you've done for yourself this time!" said pretty Doris Thornton to her adorer, Charlie Ringwood of the Chalkshire regiment, as they were sitting together after dinner in the conservatory attached to the pleasant riverside villa belonging to Doris's father, Mr. Thomas Thornton of the stock exchange.

"Why—how, Doris?" asked the young man.

"By speaking as you did at dinner against steam launches, and saying that the men who owned them and used them were cads," replied Doris. "Papa's just bought one, and, next to fishing, has made it his great hobby."

"By Jove! that's unlucky," said Charlie. "Now what's to be done?" It's no use my going and telling him that I was only chaffing, because I spoke so straight."

"I don't know, I'm sure," said Doris, seriously. "You could hardly have made a more unfortunate mistake, for papa considers the real cads to be those who growl because others like to move fast without any trouble to themselves."

"On a crowded river, washing away banks and kicking up no end of dirt and noise," continued the young officer. "Well, I'm awfully sorry, Doris, for the old boy's rather touchy, and it might influence his ideas with regard to you and me, eh?"

When the young people had returned to the drawing room it was very evident that the "old boy" was disturbed. In vain Charlie sang his best songs; in vain he tried to inveigle the angry old gentleman into pleasant conversation; in vain he exerted every effort to show himself off, to the best possible advantage. The blow had been dealt, and it rankled beneath the capacious waistcoat of the wealthy old stock broker.

He answered his guest in curt monosyllables; he made such rustling with the newspaper, and coughed inordinately during the performance of Charlie's songs, and finally, when it was time for the young man to return townwards, instead of offering him one of his famous Antonino Carunchos, shaking his hand heartily, and expressing a hope to see him again soon, the old gentleman assumed a severe air and said:

"Ahem—Mr. Ringwood, of course—ahem—a gentleman of your refined tastes could never—ahem—think of marrying the daughter of a cad who keeps a steam launch! Ahem—good night sir."

Charlie was staggered, and looked pleadingly at Doris, who, however, only shook her head slowly and significantly.

There were probably few more unhappy young men that night within the metropolitan radius than Charlie Ringwood as he turned slowly homeward and pondered that, in the terse language of Doris, he had done for himself.

The next morning brought him, instead of hope, a letter from his sweetheart, which made him absolutely miserable. It was as follows:

"MY DEAREST CHARLIE: I have snatched a moment to write these few lines. Papa was in an awful rage last night after you had gone; called you an insolent puppy and all sorts of things, which I should not have minded had he not wound up by forbidding me to hold any further communication with you, and saying that a man who would be ashamed of his father-in-law because he kept a steam launch was not a fit husband for his daughter. What are we to do? Ever your affectionate,

DORIS THORNTON."

"Aye!" muttered Charlie, when he had read the letter over for the twentieth time. "What are we to do? It's of no use arguing with this sort of old fellow; once he gets a notion into his head, no power on earth can drive out. I wish to goodness I'd never said a word about steam launches."

In the evening he went to his club, where he met with an old school fellow, Jack Raggles. Now, Jack Raggles, although continually in difficulty himself, was famous for his ingenuity in getting other men out of their troubles. More than once Charlie had been obliged to have recourse to him for advice, and he had never regretted it. This was a far more serious case than any preceding one, but Charlie was simply desperate, and would have clung to the maddest device suggested, as a drowning man clutches at a straw. So he got Jack Raggles into a quiet corner, and there, over a sherry-and-bitters, he laid the facts of the case before him.

"Well," said Jack, when Charlie had concluded, "it certainly is an awkward case, and it would be deuced hard lines for you to have to chuck up all thoughts of marrying a nice and pretty girl like Miss Thornton for such a trifle. But I've got fellows out of far worse holes before now, and I daresay I shan't fail this time."

"You are a good fellow, Jack, upon my word you are," said Charlie, enthusiasticaly; "but, by Jove, if you get me out of this you'll be a genius."

Jack was silent for a few moments and puffed vigorously at his cigar. At length he said:

"I say, Charlie, isn't the old man a regular maniac for fishing?"

"Rather!" replied Charlie. "He takes a holiday about three times a week on purpose to fish. He starts off after breakfast with a big hamper and a jar of beer, and sits in a punt until evening. Still, now he's got this wretched steam launch I expect he'll off with the old love and on with the new. But what has fishing to do with the subject in hand."

"Never you mind just now," answered his friend, "but you will find out from Miss Thornton when her father next intends to go out in his punt, and where he is likely to be, and then send me a telegram to Clarges Street, and I'll tell you what to do."

Charlie had such implicit faith in Jack Raggle's ingenuity that he went home that evening in a comparatively happy frame of mind.

He wrote to Doris the first thing the next morning, and in the evening got a reply to the effect that Mr. Thornton was already making preparations for a long day's fishing upon the Wednesday following. He telegraphed immediately to Jack Ruggles, and received the following reply:

"Keep close to him, but out of sight, at about 6 o'clock in the evening."

Charlie wondered what on earth his friend's scheme could be, but resolved to obey instructions. He knew very well that Mr. Thornton's happy hunting ground was a secluded back water, famous for tench and perch, a couple of hundred yards above the lawn of his house. Thither he repaired, stealthily, like a man bent on an evil errand, at about five o'clock, and took up a position upon a rough river-side path, well-nigh hidden from sight by bushes and foliage, whence he could observe the enthusiastic old fisherman without being seen himself.

The old gentleman was sitting like a wax figure in his punt, with a large cigar in his mouth and rod in hand, when Charlie arrived. So completely absorbed was Mr Thornton in his sport, that a regiment might have defiled behind him without attracting his notice. Charlie watched him until a distant church clock chimed the quarter to six.

He then saw the old gentleman take out his watch, look at it attentively, and after a few moments' hesitation, slowly and reluctantly begin to pack up his rod and line and put his paraphernalia together.

Charlie began to get anxious. Whatever plan Jack Raggles concocted would have to be carried into execution quickly, or it would be too late.

At last Mr. Thornton had arranged his tackle and united the punt-poles, and was pushing off into mid stream.

Charlie's heart sunk, but he crept swiftly forward to a little promontory to watch the old gentleman faithfully, according to instructions, until six o'clock.

Mr. Thornton, being old and obese, punted slowly and with difficulty, and as the clock struck six he had not yet got out of shallow water. So intent was Charlie, however, in looking at him, that he did not perceive the dark outline of a steam launch coming directly down upon the punt, and he was only made aware of the fact by seeing the old gentleman wave one arm vigorously and by hearing him shout lustily at the same time that he endeavored to get his unwieldly punt back out of the way. But it was too late, the bow of the launch went gently against the punt, though with sufficient force to tilt it up, with which movement the poor old stock broker was sent floundering into the water, yelling madly as he went.

Quick as thought Charlie dashed in. The water was fortunately barely up to his waist, so he seized Mr. Thornton under the arms, and after much splashing and shouting and fuss, got him first into the punt and then on the steam-launch.

The first person Charles saw on board was Jack Raggles, who, behind the rescued stock broker's back, was impressing silence and non-recognition by energetic gestures.

Directly Mr. Thornton felt himself on his feet, he burst into a violent passion, which was in no way appeased by the approach of Jack Raggles, whom he did not know, with the most admirable expression of contrition in his face, and the words, "I'm sure I'm awful sorry sir," on his lips.

"Sorry, sir!" roared the old gentleman, "so you ought to be sir! I consider it positively iniquitous and abominable that a man can't go out for a day's fishing, without being run into by a lot of cockneys, who have no more idea of handling a steam launch than they have of handling a balloon! and I shall take the very earliest opportunity, sir, of laying the matter before the authorities, in order that such unwarrantable interference with the liberty of the subject may be immediately put a stop to. It is abominable sir, abominable!"

"Can I put you ashore anywhere?" asked Jack, deferentially.

"Yes, sir, you can, as soon as possible, and before I catch my death of cold," replied the old gentleman. "You see those steps ahead, sir?"

"I do," replied Jack.

"Well then, if you can see those steps how the devil was it that you couldn't see me?" said Mr. Thornton. But if you can see them, steer to them—that is if you know how to. They belong to me sir, to Thomas Thornton, esq."

"As yet, the irritated stock broker had given no thought to his rescuer, but as they were floating gently down the stream toward the steps, he turned and said:

"And to whom am I indebted for my rescue from a watery grave.

Charlie stepped quietly forward and bowed. The old gentleman started back and exclaimed:

"Good gracious! Mr. Ringwood! Sir, allow me to shake your hand most heartily. You have performed an action tonight which shall not pass without recognition. You are a noble fellow sir—a nobble fellow?"

"I did nothing, Mr. Thornton, but what any other man would have done under the circumstances," said Charlie, feeling himself to be a dreadful hypocrite in assuming the deprecatory air of a hero; "but now that we are here together I should like to express my extreme regret that I should have given you offence the other night by expressing my opinion about steam launches a little more candidly than perhaps I should have done, but, believe me——"

Mr. Thornton interrupted him—

"Believe me sir, you did not say enough. I am a conplete convert to the opinions you hold. Steam launches are an abomination, sir, and mine is for sale from this very moment."—*London Truth.*

A THANKSGIVING DINNER THAT FLEW AWAY.

"Aunt, what makes you keep that gander, year after year?" said I, one evening, as we were sitting on the lawn before the door. "Is it because he is a kind of watchdog, and keeps troublesome people away?"

"No, child, no; I do not wish to keep most people away, not well-behaved people, nor to distress nor annoy any one. The fact is, there is a story about that gander that I do not like to speak of to every one—something that makes me feel tender toward him; so that if he needs a whipping, I would rather do it. He knows something that no one else knows. You have heard me speak of Nathaniel, my oldest boy?"

"Yes."

"That is his picture in my room, you know. I loved Nathaniel—you cannot think how much I loved Nathaniel. It was on my account that he went away.

"The farm did not produce enough for us all. One year—that was ten years ago—we were sued for our taxes.

"'Nathaniel," said I, "I will take boarders."

"Then he looked up to me and said (Oh, how noble and handsome he appeared to me!):

"'Mother, I will go to sea."

"'Where?' asked I, in surprise.

"'In a coaster.'

"'You and John can manage the place,' he continued. 'One of the vessels sails next week—Uncle Aaron's; he offers to take me.'

"It seemed best, and he made preparations to go.

"The spring before, Skipper Ben—you have met Skipper Ben—had given me some goose eggs; he had brought them from Canada, and said that they were wild-goose eggs.

"I set them under hens. In four weeks I had three goslings, and one of those goslings is that gander.

"Skipper Ben came over to see me, the day before Nathaniel was to sail. Aaron came with him.

"I said to Aaron:

"'What can I give to Nathaniel to carry to sea with him to make him think of home? Cake, preserves, apples? I haven't got much; I have done all I can for him, poor boy.'

"Brother looked at me curiously, and said:

"'Give him one of those wild geese, and we will fatten it on shipboard and will have it for our Thanksgiving dinner.'

"What brother Aaron said pleased me. The young gander was a noble bird, the handsomest of the lot; and I resolved to keep the geese to kill for my own use and give *him* to Nathaniel.

"The next morning—it was late in September—I took leave of Nathaniel. I tried to be calm and hopeful. I watched him as he went down the walk with the gander struggling under his arms. A stranger would have laughed, but I did not feel like laughing; although the boys who went coasting were usually gone but a few months and came home hardy and happy.

"I saw him go over the hill. On the top he stopped and held up the gander. He disappeared; yes, my own Nathaniel disappeared. I think of him now as one who disappeared.

"November came—it was a terrible month on the coast that year. Storm followed storm; the sea-faring people talked constantly of wrecks and losses. I could not sleep on the nights of those high winds. I used to lie awake thinking over all the happy hours I had lived with Nathaniel.

"Thanksgiving week came.

"It was full of Indian-summer brightness after the long storms. The nights were frosty, bright and calm.

"I could sleep those calm nights.

"One morning I thought I heard a strange sound in the woodland pasture. It was like a wild goose. I listened; it was repeated. I was lying in bed. I started up—I thought I had been dreaming.

On the night before Thanksgiving I went to bed early, being very tired. The moon was full; the air was calm and still. I was thinking of Nathaniel, and I wondered if he would indeed have the gander for his Thanksgiving dinner; if it would be cooked as well as I would have cooked it, and if he would think of me that day.

I was just going to sleep when suddenly I heard a sound that made me start up and hold my breath.

"'*Honk!*'

"I thought it was a dream followed by a nervous shock.

"*Honk! Honk!*"

"There it was again, in the yard. I was surely awake and in my senses.

"I heard the geese cackle.

"'*Honk! Honk! Honk!*'

"I got out of bed and lifted the curtain, It was almost as light as day. Instead of two geese there were three. Had one of my neighbor's geese stolen away?

"I should have thought so, and should not have felt disturbed, but for the reason that none of the neighbors' geese had that peculiar call—that hornlike tone that I had noticed in mine.

"I went out of the door.

"The *third* goose looked like the very gander I had given Nathaniel. Could it be?

"I did not sleep. I rose early and went to the crib for some corn.

"It *was* a gander—a 'wild' gander—that had come in the night. He seemed to know me.

"I trembled all over as though I had seen a ghost. I was so faint that I sat down on the meal-chest.

"As I was in that place a bill pecked against the door. The door opened. The strange gander came hobbling over the cribstone and went to the corn-bin. He stopped there, looked at me, and gave a sort of glad "honk," as though he knew me and was glad to see me.

"I was certain that he was the gander I had raised, and that Nathaniel had lifted into the air when he gave me his last recognition from the top of the hill.

"It overcame me. It was Thanksgiving. The church bell would soon be ringing as on Sunday. And here was Nathaniel's Thanksgiving dinner; and brother Aaron's—had it flown away? Where was the vessel?

"Years have passed—ten. You know I have waited and waited for my boy to come back. December grew dark with its rainy seas; the snows fell; May lighted up the hills, but the vessel never came back. Nathaniel—my Nathaniel—never returned.

"That gander knows something he could tell me if he could talk. Birds have memories. *He* remembered the corn-crib—he remembered something else. I wish he *could* talk, poor bird! I wish he could talk. I shall never sell him, nor kill him, nor have him abused. *He knows!*"—*Hezekiah Butterworth, in November St Nicholas.*

THE PREACHER AND THE BUTTONS.

An Evangelist from the far east made a tour of Texas recently for the purpose of saving some of the desperate denizens of the Lone Star State. He opened his first meeting in what is known in the State as a "tough town." About thirty hard looking male citizens comprised the audience. After the good man had discoursed a little and sung several revival hymns, he requested that a collection be taken up to carry him further into the State. A tall and fierce-looking Texan, armed to the nape of his neck, passed his sombrero around, with the significant remark:

"Give liberally, boys; you've seen the show, and we ain't the men to beat any showman."

The result was that every man contributed something, and when the hat was passed to the evangelist he examined the contents and then remarked:

"I find in this hat $4.15 and two overcoat buttons."

"That ain't a squar' deal," yelled the fierce-looking man who had taken up the colection, as he mounted the chair. "The man who put them buttons in that hat will redeem them at 50 cents a piece, or there'll be the duce here in the toss of a cent."

"Make no disturbance, my friend," pleaded the evangelist, holding up the supposed buttons in full view. "I will—"

A shout and considerable laughter cut off the evangelist's remark, and the tall man, without dismounting from the chair, said:

"Mister preacher man, you're clean off on your overcoat buttons. Them ain't no buttons; them are chips, good for 50 cents' worth of licker in any gin mill this side of the Rio Grande. They'll also git you cooked grub, stranger, ef yer appetite needs it."

The explanation was satisfactory and the meeting closed.

For the Oxford Democrat.

SOME OF OUR PRESIDENTS.

Editor Oxford Democrat:

I will give you a few of my recollections of some of our Presidents, from Andrew Jackson down to the present time.

Andrew Jackson made war upon our financial affairs by destroying our National Bank and removing the deposits and placing them in his local pet banks. It caused a great depression in the business affairs of our country; so much so that in 1836–7 business came almost to a standstill.

In 1837 Martin VanBuren succeeded Jackson, and he followed in the footsteps of his illustrious predecessor.

In 1841 Wm. H. Harrison succeeded VanBuren, and he was in office only one month before he fell a victim to the wiles of his enemies.

John Tyler, the tailer, succeeded him. In 1845, James K. Polk succeeded John Tyler, and in 1849, Zachary Taylor succeeded Polk, and he only continued in office one year, one month and ten days before he fell a victim to the wiles of his enemies. Millard Fillmore succeeded him.

Now I just as much believe that Harrison and Taylor were drugged to death, as I believe that Lincoln and Garfield died by the assassins pistol. At the time of Harrison's election, I heard a prominent Democrat say that he would never be allowed to take his seat, and after Harrison's death I heard the same man say that Harrison was a hard old warrior and a hard old Whig, but he could not withstand the solid argument of the Democrats. The great query in my mind at the time was, what those solid arguments were. At last I came to the conclusion that they were some kind of a drug that was put in his food or drink, that caused his death. On the election of Taylor in 1849, I heard a number of prominent Democrats say that he would never be allowed to take his seat. And that if he was, he would not serve his time out, for God would remove him in the same way He did Harrison. And that led me to believe that he would be drugged to death. And I believe I was right in my conclusions.

Now we come to the administration of Franklin Pierce, which was a complete nullity and his party was ashamed of him. And at the end of his first term abandoned him, and took that old maid—James Buchanan—for their standard-bearer; and we all know the result of his administration. He connived with his party for the dissolution of our Union.

Now this brings us to the election of Lincoln in 1860. We find the same spirit rampant in the hearts of the Democracy that actuated them in 1841 and 1849, only they were more bold in 1860, for they organized and were bound to prevent Lincoln from taking his seat, by assassinating him when he was on his way to the White House. But he eluded them and took his seat, and administerd the affairs of our Government for four years to the satisfaction of all good and law-abiding citizens. He was re-elected for a second term, and had served but one month and ten days when he fell by the assassin's hand, and I have not a doubt but the assassin Booth had aiders and abettors belonging to that good old party of Democrats.

That hypocrite, Andrew Johnson, took Lincoln's place, and he would have pardoned the whole rebel army if he had not been held in check by Congress. It was through his means that Jeff. Davis escaped being tried and hung as a traitor.

Grant succeeded Johnson and served two terms, and I think that he administered the affairs of our Government to the satisfaction of all good and law-abiding citizens.

Hayes succeeded Grant and served one term, when he was superceeded by the election of Garfield; who fell by the assassins pistol. And I have not a doubt in my own mind but that Guiteau had aiders and abettors in the affair, who thought if they could get rid of Garfield, that they would escape being detected in their rascality (Guiteau's assertion to the contrary notwithstanding). Guiteau said that there was no one except himself and God alone that knew anything about the affair, and that he did the deed under the inspiration of God. Now where is there one sensible man or woman that can believe for one moment that God inspired Guiteau and urged him on to do the deed? I think that there is not one, when thy come to look at the thing with the eye of reason, but that they will come to the conclusion that the God that inspired Guiteau was a set of those rascally swindlers who thought if they could get rid of Garfield that they would escape being unearthed and brought to justice. Now I firmly believe if Garfield had not undertook to unearth them, that he would have been a living man at this day. I have here brought to view, four of our Presidents who came to an untimely death, two Whigs and two Repulicans, all of whose deaths, I believe, were brought about by the connivance and plottings of their Democratic enemies. The two first, by being drugged to death, and the last two by the means of the assassins pistol. And now let us take a sort of retrospective view of the Democratic policy. There appears to be two wings to the party, the Northern and the Southern, and they appear to have different ways of disposing of their opponents. The Northern wing adopts the counting-out policy, and the Southern wing adopts the shotgun and pistol policy, and each wing is supported by the other. And my opinion is, that their whole policy is to rule or ruin, for I think that they showed that, in 1860, and I think that they are actuated by the same spirit now that they were then; and I think that it is plainly shown in the rapturous applause that they give Jeff. Davis, when he makes one of his traitorous speeches.

Now if this should meet the eye of some of our kind-hearted and benevolent Democratic friends, they would set up the cry of bloody shirt. I would say to them that they must abandon the trade of making bloody shirts if they don't like to have them held up to their view.

Yours with respect,
ICHABOD PREBLE.
North Woodstock, Maine.

For the Democrat.

COLORADO LETTER.

To the Editor of Oxford Democrat:

It has been 13 years since I left New England and came to Colo. to find a new home. During all these years your paper has brought me weekly tidings from the old home in Bethel; and although I do not lack for news by way of letters from old friends, yet there is always some matter of interest in your paper which I might not otherwise receive. I always look for Bethel items first, although I must confess that since the Home Makers column has been added I have been tempted to glance down its receipts for whatever might be found useful in the home, and am always moved to get my pen and say a word too, but want of time deters me. For be it known, that the house-keeper in the West is often the cook, washer-woman, seamstress, chamber-maid and kitchen-girl all in one, and she is often obliged to make herself a committee of one to devise ways and means to accomplish three hours work in just sixty minutes. Hence she is on the lookout for all the short cuts in the daily routine of housework, and also for all the labor saving machines known to the kitchen.

Items from G. H. B. of Mason are always welcome. It was he who first taught my infant mind to appreciate the old National Spelling Book and introduced the young reader to me in the old school house on the "Flat." I have always remembered him with pleasure as my first teacher. In years after I came to teach his children on that same "Flat. From his pen I learn of the welfare of many of my pupils, now men and women, also of the older people who are passing on.

In one of your correspondents "C" I recognize a school mate of Gould's Academy, and in "A. W. G.," of W. Bethel a dear brother.

To "Dollie Dart," of Grafton, I owe many thanks, for although unknown to me she has kept me informed of the welfare of a dear aged aunt, Mrs. Anna Bean of Grafton, and her adopted daughter Mrs. Abbott, neither of whom have I seen for many years. I often wish that others, that I once knew, would take up the pen to tell of the interesting incidents that I am sure are occuring in Oxford Co.

From time to time I learn something of the valued teacher of my mature years. Dr. N. T. True whom every Oxford Co. student has cause to remember. Since those days he has been State Superintendent of Public Instruction, in Maine. I find that he is still in the educational field, for but yesterday an article in the "*Good Cheer*" shows me that he is still a student of his loved science, geology. It treated of the Indian relics of N. H. I would like to send him specimens which my children have gathered here near Cache La Poudre—specimens of jasper, amethyst, moss agates and Indian arrow heads of agate. He would be pleased to visit "Fossil Hill," ten miles from Greeley, where the High School students belonging to our "Agassiz Club" go for specimens of fossils. They find shark's teeth, back bones of fish and many kinds of marine shells and impressions of leaves in the solid rock. On the yellow fly leaf of my old Boyd's Rhetoric I find these words in pencil written by his hand in 1856 or 1857: "Be good girls and learn all you can. Your teacher N. T. True."

Now and then some item concerning Rev. David Garland is regularly read from your paper. He is another of the noble educators of Oxford Co., whose presence in the school-room always seemed such an inspiration to both teacher and pupil.

Everybody is busy in our young city and its surroundings. Farmers harvesting their grain that is so plenteous as almost to ruin him with its cheapness, gardeners selling and shipping their produce, merchants trying to sell their immense stock of goods cheap enough for the farmers to patronize them, housekeepers, preserving, canning and pickling to their hearts content. Apples, grapes, plums and all the small fruits in their turn have taken possession of the housekeepers time and temper. Now and then a bottle *will* ferment with all the care bestowed. Crab apples have become so plentiful that the cider mill has actually made its appearance for the first time.

My heart always goes back to my old home among the New England hills for beauty of scenery at this season.

Yours Truly, MRS. O. H.

WHOSE COLD FEET?

"Are you troubled with cold feet on retiring?" asked Yeast of Crimsonbeak, last Saturday evening, while they were returning from market freighted with provender.

"I should say I was!" replied Crimsonbeak emphatically, while a regular chill-and-fever shudder was seen to distribute itself all over his frame at the recollection which the question recalled.

"I suppose you would like to know how to avoid them?" inquired the philanthropist, smiling at the thought of an opportunity to fire off one of his pet theories.

"I would give almost anything to be fortunate enough to escape them," said the despairing Crimsonbeak, in all truthfulness.

"Well, it is easy enough done," went on his companion; "soak your feet in cold water the first thing when you get up in the morning; towards night run about three-quarters of a mile, and then soak your feat again in cold water on retiring."

"Well, I can't see how that is going to keep her cold feet from troubling me."

"Her cold feet from troubling you!" repeated Yeast, a little confused. "What do you mean?"

"Mean? Why I mean that my wife's cold feet are the one's that chill me with an Arctic region touch. Whose feet did you suppose I meant,—my mother-in-law's?" shouted the excited Crimsonbeak, darting into his gate and leaving his neighbor to his own reflections.

Say what you like—of all men it is the hatter whose influence is most felt.

"We can't all have our weigh," remarked a coal dealer, upon being detected selling short tons.

The politician who carries water on both shoulders probably does it to catch the Prohibition vote.

The showmen are making a grand raid on Philadelphia this week. Pay-raids are their strong hold.

It does not cost anything to remember the poor, but if you want the poor to remember you it will cost you something.

A piece of zinc placed on the live coals of a hot stove will effectually clean out a stove-pipe, the vapor produced carrying off the soot by chemical decomposition.

It is considered humiliating for a Mexican gentleman to be caught on the street with a bundle in his hand. It is liable to convey the impression that he is married.

Anxious inquirer—When you say that you have found the milk in the cocoanut, it is merely another way of stating that you have got all the facts in a nut shell.

Yachtman—"You men who stay ashore have no idea what a squall is."

Landsman—"Don't eh? I've got a pair of twins who can give you points about squalls every day."

Job is always quoted as the personification of patience, but we wish it distinctly understood that Job never spent his week's vacation at the seashore where it rained six of the seven days.

Mlle. Rhea, the actress, who has just arrived from Europe, says her new dresses are "simply dreams." Rather a thin fabric for stage dresses unless she intends to appear as a ballet dancer.

A young theologian preached before the assembled classes of a female college. In his opening prayer he cried out, "O Lord! kindle a flame of love in our hearts, and O Lord, water it—water it!"

Landlady—It's singular but true, Mr. Crossgrain, that all my boarders remain with me.

New boarder (at first meal)—Too weak to leave, I guess, after the first week.

A COLD CLIMATE SUITABLE.—"It is too early to light the gas yet," she had just said softly. They were there alone in the twilight.

She unconsciously hitched her chair a little, and a few moments later she unconsciously hitched it again, but there was no response.

"George," she suddenly remarked, "if you had been connected with the Greeley expedition I imagine you would have been a very robust surveyor."

"Why?" he asked.

"Well, the climate would have agreed with you, and you could have feasted on icebergs."

As George could not quite see the force of this remark, she got up and lighted the gas.

The Oxford Democrat.
WEEKLY.

PARIS, MAINE, NOVEMBER 25, 1884.

GEO. H. WATKINS, Editor and Proprietor.

TERMS:—Yearly subscriptions, $1.50, if paid strictly in advance, otherwise, $2.00 per year. Single copies, five cents.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—All legal advertisements are given three consecutive insertions for $1.50 per inch in length of column. Probate notices inserted as above for $1.50 each, except those relating to Real Estate, which are $2.00 each. Special contracts made with local, transient or yearly advertisers.

JOB PRINTING.—The Oxford Democrat Office is well stocked with new materials for doing all kinds of plain or fancy job printing. An experienced job printer is always in the office, and as our presses are run by steam, we can guarantee prompt and satisfactory work.

STATE OF MAINE.

BY THE GOVERNOR.

A PROCLAMATION.

Our most pleasant religious customs as citizens of a State, are those which originated with our New England ancestors. The important instructions which they gave in the primitive home are among our best memories, and their early customs have become National; especially that of returning thanks after the harvest.

I, therefore, in accordance with this venerated custom and the Proclamation by the President of these United States by advice of the Executive Council, do set apart,

Thursday, the 27th day of November, Instant,

As a day of Public Thanksgiving and Praise.

For the manifold blessings of the closing year, let us, as a people, unite in one universal thanksgiving to Him who holds in his hand "the wealth of nations." Let the hearts of the poor be made glad by the sympathy and bountiful gifts of the more favored. "He that hath a bountiful eye shall be blessed, for he giveth of his bread to the poor."

Given at the Council Chamber at Augusta, this eighth day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty four, and of the Independence of the United States of America the one hundred and ninth.

By the Governor.

FREDERICK ROBIE.

JOSEPH O. SMITH, Secretary of State.

IN EARNEST.

We are very much in earnest when we say that persons owing us for any work done in this office or for subscriptions *must* settle for the same, at once. Last week we put out bills of over $1,500, all of which were over due. Not one dollar has yet come in on the same. Now, we are so situated that this money *must* be collected, to meet accounts and notes which we are owing. We have never crowded our patrons in matters of payment; but have given them all the time they have asked for. This is a wrong method of doing business, and we certainly cannot continue it at the present time. All who owe us even one dollar will please note this, and forward the amount at once. We shall be forced to collect all over due accounts, if parties do not respond to our kind personal offers made to each when bills are sent them. It is very unpleasant to dun patrons in this public manner, but after having sent bill on bill to many, without receiving any reply, some other course seems absolutely demanded.

THE NEXT PRESIDENT.

If he lives till the fourth of March, S Grover Cleveland—the man who wears his middle name fast—will be inaugurated President of these United States. By the meagre plurality of 1100 votes, he carried New York, which, with Connecticut and New Jersey, gave him a majority of the Electoral College. He has the Electors of Indiana to spare.

While we acquiesce in the result, we firmly believe that Grover Cleveland was not honestly elected President, either within the spirit or letter of the law of the land. We do not charge now, whatever the future may prove, that the votes of New York, New Jersey, Connecticut or Indiana were fraudulently obtained, but we do claim that there are fifty-two electoral votes in the South which, under a fair election and an honest count would be cast for the Republican candidates every time, which are now counted for the Democrats. No one pretends that the southern Negroes vote for the Democratic Presidential Electors. An ex confederate colonel of Georgia, speaking to us of this matter, last spring, said that sometimes Negroes could be induced to vote with the Democrats on local issues, but that it was useless to try to induce them to vote against the Republicans in a national election. Why is it then that those States which contain the largest percentage of blacks cast the heaviest Democratic majorities? Either the Negroes do not vote or their votes are not counted. In some States the Republican votes are not counted—this is the present Georgia method. The editor of the Atlanta *Constitution* must be having a quiet laugh in his sleeve, this week. The last issue of *Harper's Weekly* contains an extract from the *Constitution* stating that the Negro should be protected in all his rights—which the *Weekly* calls the first fruits of Democratic success. It was in June last, at a reception given a party of New England publishers by Gov. McDaniel of Georgia at the Executive Mansion in Atlanta, that the editor of the *Constitution* admitted to the publisher of this paper that the Georgia plan was to count 'em out. We can perceive a peculiar smile stealing over Mr. Grady's face as he wrote those lines promising the Negro protection in all his rights. We can almost hear his aside: "This is a white man's government—the nigger has no rights which a white man is bound to respect." The South Carolina and Mississippi plan was illustrated by an emblem carried in the Norway parade—a bloody shirt. It is a noble banner for the Democrats to parade under. It made Grover Cleveland President. Raise high the standard. "Proudly our flag flutters o'er us today." Hurrah! Hurrah!! Hurrah!!! and a tiger—for the bloody shirt.

THE *Hebron Semester*, published semi-annually by the Students of Hebron Academy is just out for November. The book contains forty three pages of reading and twelve pages of advertising. It was printed at the OXFORD DEMOCRAT office, from type purchased expressly for this work, and it is therefore a fine job of printing. The literary character of the publication is excellent, some of the essays being particularly note worthy.

WE have received a copy of the "Handy Atlas of the World," published by Messrs. Ivison, Blakeman, Taylor & Co., New York. We made mention of this publication some time since. Upon examination we find it to be one of the handiest and most convenient atlases ever published for general reference.

FREE.—We will send four copies of the OXFORD DEMOCRAT, the Nos. for Dec 9, 16, 23, and 30 free to any person not now a subscriber, whose name is furnished for that purpose before the first of Dec. Do not be bashful. Send in your name and the names of your friends.

THE *Academy Bell* a paper published quarterly by the students of Fryeburg Academy, is out for October. The first page and a portion of the second are largely devoted to an "Historical Sketch of Fryeburg Academy." The paper is well edited and neatly printed.

WE have received two copies of the Old Farmer's Almanac, by Robert B Thomas, one from Loring, Short & Harmon, Portland, and one from the publishers, William Ware & Co., Boston. The copy for 1885 is number 93—an old stand by.

RED! RED!! RED!!!

This is the hue Democrats are painting Oxford County. Our local correspondents speak of several demonstrations held in various sections. Tuesday evening a huge fire was lighted on Streaked Mountain. It is said that twenty cords of wood, two barrels of kerosene and two of tar were sacrificed on this altar. The fire was observed in Portland. Wednesday Bethel was decorated. Thursday the Democrats of Norway and South Paris "jined drives," and paraded the two towns. Our Norway correspondent describes the parade. Saturday night, the village of Paris Hill was visited. About fifty torch bearers, headed by a fife and drum corps and followed by a few vehicles, paraded the streets, shouting for joy. Many residences were fully and tastefully illuminated, and Dr. Bradbury let off a few fire-works. Among those who illuminated were J. C. Cummings, Mrs. P. S. Black, F. E. Tufts, C. T. Mellen, Mrs. Mason, J. H. Rawson, S. D. Hutchinson, Horace Cummings, J. B. Cole, S. R. Carter, Mrs. Arabella Carter, Mrs. V. D. Parris, Mr. Farrar, Harry Cole, W. K. Green, S. L. York, J. O. Canwell, Austin Partridge, O. A. Maxim, Hiram Jackson, O. A. Thayer. A transparency was placed over the little historic law office belonging to S. R. Carter, esq., containing this legend: "An honest vote, an honest count, an honest President, and God speed the right." Evidently some sarcastic Republican or Nasby Democrat put up this sign, but as the paraders did not resent it, we hardly feel called upon to denounce such an exhibition of levity. Transparencies bearing the number of Electoral votes counted for Cleveland and various sentiments, were carried in the procession, while Rawson's big team, the Shamrock, followed, bearing an immense illuminated rooster. The celebration was very well designed and carried out. All hands seemed to enjoy the occasion—the Democrats because of their success—while the Republicans thought it was no more than fair that their less fortunate neighbors should have an opportunity to celebrate once in twenty-eight years.

THE *Baptist Teacher*, *The Sunlight*, *The Young Reaper*, and *Our Young People*, publications by the American Baptist Publication Society, are new additions to our exchange list. They find a hearty welcome.

For the Democrat.

SCIENCE, ART AND FASHION.

PORTLAND, Nov. 20, 1884.

Editor Democrat:

The cabalistic letters, C. L. S. C., have become so familiar that it is unnecessary to translate them. The Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle has achieved an unprecedented popularity. Two large Circles have been formed in Portland, this year—the Vincent and the Longfellow. A new impetus seems to have been given by the formation of the Maine Union at Martha's Grove, Fryeburg, last summer. The annual summer reunions promise to be replete with interest and profit.

The Annual Fall Exhibition of the Portland Society of Art showed such marked improvement that the members are jubilant over the advance of Art in the Forest City. Two prizes were offered for the best work by amateurs: a medal and a popular prize. The medal awarded by a committee was given to Miss Brown, daughter of Harry Brown. The popular prize, awarded by vote of visitors, was won by M. B. Gilbert, an "Oxford Bear." The largest painting in the exhibition was a scene in Old Oxford, painted by C. F. Kimball, the well-known artist and teacher, from a sketch made in Waterford last summer. Mrs. Chas. A. Dyer's picturesque "Old Mill" was a study from the same vicinity. Miss M. C. Andrews, one of Oxford's daughters, exhibited several pictures, which received favorable mention by the critic of the *Press*. The rooms of the Society are open to members from 9 a. m. to 9 p. m., and free instruction is given on stated days.

Harry Brown has re-opened his down town studio in Motley Block. The art store of J. T. Stubbs, Congress Square, has been the Mecca of artists and amateurs for the past few weeks. The first attraction was a valuable and interesting collection of etchings from the well-known establishment of J. Eastman Chase. Among the many which cover the walls and fill the large portfolios, we notice briefly the following: "The Belated Traveler," by John Fullward, the new English etcher; Millet's "Gleaners," etched by Dammon; "The Night Tramps from Munkacsy," by Koepping; "The Plough Inn," a scene near Philadelphia, by Pennell; "The Pond," by Appain, and scores of others that well repay the study of all lovers of art.

The second artistic sensation comprised the reproduction, by a gelatine process, of the original fifty-six drawings by Elihu Vedder, which form the accompaniment to the Rubiayat of Omar Khayyam, the great Persian poet, as rendered into English by Edward Fitzgerald. The *Century* says—referring to the illustrated volume, published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: "The work thus represents the genius of the strange old Persian poet, the poetic interpretation of the English translator, and the rich accompaniment of the American artist, which gives a new strength and beauty to the whole." Mr. Stubbs is doing a great deal for art in thus bringing before the people these gems from master hands.

The event of the season, in fashionable trade, is Palmer's new departure in adding to his large wholesale business a retail department on still more magnificent scale. The firm name of John E. Palmer, wholesale millinery, has long been well and favorably known, and when it was rumored that one of the elegant new stores in Brown Block was to be occupied from "garret to basement" by a wholesale and retail trade, the feminine heart was in a flutter of delightful anticipation—the while masculine minds reverted to election bets and the possible price of the coming bonnet of the season. When the opening night came, the most extravagant expectations were more than realized. The entire ground floor is devoted to the retail department. In the handsome show windows stand respectively a peacock and an owl. Does the one represent the vanity and love of display the fair sex is noted for, and the other the proverbial blindness and stupidity (in regard to bonnets) of the sterner sex? Beginning at the door, long show cases run down the spacious apartment filled with beautiful ribbons, velvets, rich laces, flowers, feathers and ornaments of a bewildering variety and abundance. Surely one need not wear an unbecoming shape or shade when there are so many to choose from.

"Ay, there's there the rub," where there is so much that is beautiful, how is it possible to select the right thing for one self. My advice is to pass resolutely by the Paris bonnets in the "trying on" room to the fitting room where Miss M. A. Martin, late of the firm, "Martin & Pingree, parlor milliners, Boston," may be found. Your style and the style of your bonnet will be settled at a glance. The elaborateness of detail can then be decided by the price you wish to pay. You may then return to your home and await the result with perfect peace of mind, assured that whether your bonnet represents much or little money it will be stylish—oh! word so dear to female hearts!

For the benefit of those who may desire to do a little millinery for themselves, we append the following notes:

Bonnets are smaller and closer than in the summer. There is a tendency to broaden the effect and mass the trimmings well towards the centre of the front.—Capes are seldom seen, and then they are divided, pointed and turned closely up over the crown.—Ties are universal and are seldom seen in anything except satin-faced velvet, either cut or uncut. The new color is coquelicot (ko-kle-ko), a very rich and brilliant red. There are many shades but so distinct is it from all other reds that it must be called a new color. Red was never so stylish, even after a four years' reign. A very pretty changeable effect is seen in the uncut ribbons, old gold and red, marine blue and red, etc. The ties are usually short and worn squarely and closely under the chin. The bow is made and sewed to the strap on one side well towards the end of the loop; the other side must be pinned or fastened with a hook and loop.—Hats have very high-pointed crowns with quite wide brims.—A very dressy evening style for young ladies is a poke, sharply pointed, filled in about the face with plaitings of velvet. The one in question had a soft crown of white embroidered velvet: the trimmings were white and olive velvet with white ostrich tips, white worsted lace, and puffings and plaitings of olive velvet about the face.—The always pretty velvet flowers and leaves have been revived, and are shown in charming and novel arrangements. One very elegant plain bronze velvet was trimmed with white lace interwoven with threads of gold, toad-stools, velvet leaves and large clusters of beech-nut burs. A wee brown wood bird looked shyly out from under its prickly shelter.—Horse chestnut burrs, silvery gray geranium leaves and brilliant-hued flowers are seen.—The new departure in feathers is very marked.—The combinations of wings, claws, breasts and heads is startling, viewed in the light of anatomy or relation of species. Common hens' feathers and those of the bird-of-pardise, the claw of an eagle, the head of a sparrow and the breasts of several birds join in loving companionship.—Colors, too, are wondrously mingled.—The ostrich plumes are still seen, but are largely replaced by birds, breasts and wings, which do not straighten in the dampness.—Claws, handsomely mounted, are very stylish ornaments while the variety of daggers, crooks and ornamental pins is greater than ever.—The rosettie is seen again, and is a very useful and becoming addition to the hats of children in place of ear tippets.—A pretty little brown velvet child's hat had, in addition to the rosettie, a full plaiting of valenciennes around the inside of the crown, framing a rosy face most becomingly.—Small round caps for boys, or wide hats, are fashionable.—The comfortable plush bonnets for little girls continue to be worn. They may be made quite plain or elaborately trimmed with lace ribbon and feathers.—Turbans for young ladies' street hats are very pretty and becoming. An English shape is quite large and round the brim, made of many tiny folds or pipings of brown velvet; around the crown richly mottled brown breasts form the only trimming.—Upon bonnets, embroidery in beads, gold and silver gilt, or oriental patterns with colored silk, is a conspicuous feature this season. Many crowns are composed entirely of cloth of gold or silver. Others are woven of chenille and gold strands. Black and white lace elaborately embroidered with gold threads are largely used in crowns, and also comes in trimming widths.

H. S. A.

FOR THE DEMOCRAT.

A DAY IN MARSHFIELD.

In the summer of 1824 Daniel Webster first saw Marshfield, and was so deeply impressed with the natural beauties of the place that he proposed to make there his future home. Perhaps this desire was strengthened by a visit made in the autumn of the same year to Moticello, where Jefferson retired after his public career ended, and with whom Mr. Webster had a long and interesting interview. He, therefore, soon after acquired by purchase a vast estate, and, whenever professional and official duties permitted, reveled in the out-door life of which he was so fond,—in gunning and fishing, in sowing and reaping, and in large barns bursting with plenty, in great herds of cattle and especially in the long stretch of brown marshes and sand dunes that go down to meet the limitless ocean.

It was with no small degree of interest that one bright morning of last June, in company with some friends who had known Mr. Webster intimately, and treasured many personal reminiscences of him, we drove through the long avenue leading to the spot where so much joy and sorrow had mingled in the life of the great statesman, where he had lived and died—from which he had been buried.

The house occupied by him was destroyed by fire and in its place was erected a large residence in the Queen Anne style of architecture with deep piazzas, spacious rooms, stained glass windows and richly carved wainscots, but whose beauty is lost in the charm that clusters about the articles that it contains which belonged to Mr. Webster.

In the hall over the mantel hangs a portrait of Daniel Webster in his youth, before the light of his greatness had fallen upon the nation. The face is thin with high cheek bones, and those wonderful deep-set eyes "full, steady, large and searching," which so strongly impressed all who saw them. Near the entrance are portraits of Col. Fletcher and Maj Edward Webster with their two swords crossed between. While at the head of the grand stair-case is a painting of Mrs. Caroline, the second wife of Daniel Webster. She was dressed in a gray satin and a hat of the same color—but her beauty is eclipsed by the portrait of Mrs. Fletcher Webster, which is to be seen in the music-room, and which shows so much youthful grace and fairness it is difficult to believe it is not an ideal figure.

In the drawing-room is the large armchair, leather covered and worn, in which Daniel Webster used to sit by the open fire and talk with his family and guests in that charming manner which was peculiar to him. Near by is the mahogany table—"presented to him by the workingmen of Buffalo, N. Y., in recognition of his eminent services in behalf of the protective tariff." Here is also to be seen a cabinet filled with specimens of South American butterflies and moths of the most brilliant dyes, and presented by the Emperor of Brazil. In the best bed-room the curtains and covers for lounge and chairs are blue and white, and were used in the guest's chamber while Mr. Webster was in Washington.

In the carriage-house stands the carriage he owned when he was Secretary of State—a huge, heavy vehicle, lined with blue and white striped satin. The pond he had made near the house was shimmering in the sunlight, the barns and stables he had builded were unchanged; but a new owner viewed them all, and the spirit of the master mind has fled forever.

In the little graveyard on the knoll that overlooks the sea, Daniel Webster had prepared a final resting place for himself and those of his loved ones who had gone before. Here he had buried the love of his youth, the mother of his children,—the lovely Grace Fletcher, whose delicate and refined sensibilities gave her an influence over him strong and good. In his last days his thoughts went back to the devoted wife for twenty years—the object of her husband's first and strongest affection. Here to this sunny spot he had brought the remains of his little daughter, Grace, the favorite child who died in his arms and whose loss brought the first great grief to his heart. Here also he laid his daughter Julia, the wife of Samuel Appleton, and three days later his son, Major Edward, who had fallen in the Mexican war; and here he wished to sleep the long sleep, where the sea could forever sing its solemn requiems. And to this burial place we next directed our steps—through the long lane in the daisy-starred field, along which so many of the early Puritans had been borne, on to the sunlit ridge we passed to where the plain marble slab that marked the tomb, simply inscribed Daniel Webster. At the right, in the same lot, which is surrounded with an iron fence, is a small marble monument on which is placed:

"DANIEL WEBSTER
Born Jan. 18, 1782.
Died Oct. 24, 1852.

"'Lord, I believe, help thou my unbelief.'

"Philosophical argument, especially that drawn from the vastness of the universe in comparison with the apparent insignificance of this globe has sometimes shaken my reason for the faith which is in me; but my heart has always assured and reassured me that the Gospel of Jesus Christ must be a divine reality. The Sermon on the Mount cannot be a merely human production. This belief enters into the very depth of my conscience—the whole history of man proves it.

"*Daniel Webster.*"

Near by is a stone erected to the memory of his wife and on it are the words—"Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God"; and around them are tablets for their five children, two of whom died young and two laid down their lives in war. Maj. Edward Webster died in 1820 at San Angel, and Col. Fletcher Webster at the head of his troops at Bull Run. On his headstone is an inscription from a speech of his father: "And if I am too old myself I hope there are those connected with me who are young and willing to defend their country to the last drop of their own blood." And to this quiet spot, in the tender haze of a glorious October day, the mortal remains of Daniel Webster were carried from the low mound of flowers in front of the house and laid in the deep grave, while the ocean moaned and the guns boomed from the ships in the harbor, and thousands of people stood with uncovered heads as the last words were said which consigned his body to dust and left only a memory of the man whose stately eloquence had stirred the hearts of American citizens two score years—a great man, great in faults and great in virtues.

The little country graveyard Mr. Webster selected for his burial place contains names of those whom New England may well honor. Many of those stout, stern pioneers who planted so firmly the Puritan Commonwealth of Massachusetts lie buried here. The stones were growing much defaced and the inscriptions illegible, and a few days before our visit a plain granite monument had been erected "In memory of the early settlers at Green Harbor and Marshfield," and on which were inscribed seventy-two names. The Winslow tomb is surrounded by an iron fence and surmounted by a slate stone slab bearing the coat of arms and the motto in Latin, "Though cut down we flourish," followed by the names of those interred. The first was that of "The Honble Josiah Winslow, Govr of New Plymouth, Dyed December ye 18 1680 Ætatis 52." He was the son of Edward Winslow, a member of the Rev. John Robinson's church at Leyden, a passenger in the Mayflower and Governor of Plymouth. He died at sea in 1655. In the same yard are buried Penelope the wife of Gov. Josiah, and "The Honble John Winslow esqr", usually called General John, who had frequently marched from his farm at the head of Marshfield farmers to serve his country, and who was sent to secure the simple Acadians and transport them from their homes, "by fair means or foul," as the instructions were. Some of these exiles were landed in Massachusetts; two found a home with Dr. Isaac Winslow and several were brought to Pembroke, from whom are descended many of its present inhabitants.

The friends who visited Marshfield with us were descendants of the Winslows, the sixth generation since Gov. Edward and grandchildren of Dr. Isaac, and at their invitation we went to the old Winslow homestead which was built more than two hundred years ago. The rooms are low, the huge beams finished in sight, large fire-places and quaint little windows in some parts of the house. Here was the large room where Gov. Josiah discussed matters of church and state with the stern Puritans; where, later, his grandson talked of warfare and cheered men on to do their duty, for the same unlettered, sinewy, strong General John was very popular and influential among the citizens of that vicinity. Here Dr. Isaac received his patients and listened to their stories of suffering and relieved their pain. Here, in this chamber, the two young Acadian girls Celeste and Gabrielle Mitchell passed nights of homesick longings and gazed from the eastern window towards the sea that beckoned so alluringly as they wept for the lost home and friends, and from this same chamber, after long years when the ancient wound was healed, they went forth to new homes and new labors as wives and mothers. In this wide kitchen, old Cæsar and the old slaves laughed and joked together by the blazing fire. But Puritan magnate and soldier, exile and French lass and light-hearted negro have passed away; the old house has gone into the possession of strangers; the furniture is scattered and only the traditions of all these things remain. But "all is not vanity." One generation passeth and another cometh but the influence of the wise ruler, the courageous soldier, the upright statesman, and the faithful servant, "who sweeps a room as to thy law," leave an abiding influence which time cannot efface. All these thoughts and more came crowding to mind as we left Marshfield and came home to the wear and work of our every-day life.

BETSEY TROTWOOD.

New Advertisements.

THE subscriber hereby gives public notice that she has been duly appointed by the honorable Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford, and assumed the trust of Administratrix of the Estate of CHARLES EDES, late of Brownfield, in said County, deceased by giving bond as the law directs; she therefore requests all persons indebted to the estate of said deceased to make immediate payment, and those who have any demands thereon to exhibit the same to Nov 18, 1884. LOUISA M. EDES.

THE Subscriber hereby gives Public Notice that he has been duly appointed by the Hon. Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford, and assumed the trust of Administrator of the estate of BENJAMIN F. TWITCHELL, late of Paris, in said County, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs; he therefore requests all persons indebted to the estate of said deceased to make immediate payment, and those who have any demands thereon to exhibit the same to Nov. 18, 1884. ERNEST F. TWITCHELL.

THE subscriber hereby gives public Notice that he has been duly appointed by the Hon. Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford and has assumed the trust of Administrator of the estate of NOAH B. HUBBARD, late of Hiram, in said County, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs; he therefore requests all persons indebted to the estate of said deceased to make immediate payment, and those who have any demands thereon to exhibit the same to Nov. 18, 1884. PETER B. YOUNG.

THE subscriber hereby gives public notice that she has been duly appointed by the Hon. Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford and assumed the trust of Administratrix of the estate of SUSAN STURTEVANT, late of Paris, in said County deceased by giving bond as the law directs; she therefore requests all persons indebted to the estate of said deceased to make immediate payment, and those who have any demands thereon to exhibit the same to Nov 18, 1884. ANN M. TUTTLE.

THE subscriber hereby gives public notice that he has been duly appointed by the Hon. Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford, and assumed the trust of Administrator of the estate of JOHN B. STEARNS, late of Hanover, in said County, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs; he therefore requests all persons indebted to the estate of said deceased to make immediate payment, and those who have any demands thereon to exhibit the same to Nov. 18, 1884. ALPHA T. POWERS.

THE subscriber hereby gives public notice that she has been duly appointed by the Hon. Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford, and assumed the trust of Administratrix of the estate of DAVID McKEEN, late of Stoneham in said County, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs; she therefore requests all persons indebted to the estate of said deceased to make immediate payment, and those who have any demands thereon to exhibit the same to Nov 18, 1884. ESTHER A. McKEEN.

THE Subscriber hereby gives public notice that he has been duly appointed by the Hon. Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford, and assumed the trust of Administrator of the estate of LEONARD D. LOVEJOY, late of Andover, in said County, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs: he therefore requests all persons indebted to the estate of said deceased to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon to exhibit the same to Nov. 18, 1884. ORRIN J. LOVEJOY.

THE Subscriber hereby gives public notice that he has been duly appointed by the Hon. Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford, and assumed the trust of Executor of the Estate of SYLVANIA BUCK, late of Buckfield, in said County, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs; he therefore requests all persons indebted to the estate of said deceased to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon, to exhibit the same to Nov. 18, 1884. JOHN BUCK.

OXFORD, SS.—At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford on the third Tuesday of Nov., A. D. 1884.

ON the petition of LEWIS H. REED, a creditor of Mexico, in said County, praying that William H. Taintor of Dixfield be appointed Administrator on the estate of Alden Frost, late of Mexico, in said County, deceased:

Ordered, That said petitioner give notice to all persons interested by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat a newspaper printed at Paris, in said County, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris, on the third Tuesday of Dec. next at 9 o'clock in the forenoon and show cause if any they have why the same should not be granted.

GEO. A. WILSON, Judge.
A true copy—Attest: H. C. Davis Register.

OXFORD, ss:—At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the third Tuesday of Nov., A. D. 1884.

On the petition of Lucy A. Butterfield et al, of Franklin Plantation, in said County, praying that Angie Bishop of Rumford be appointed Administratrix on the estate of Samuel Butterfield, late of Rumford in said County, deceased:

Ordered, That the said Petitioner give notice to all persons interested by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris in said County on the third Tuesday of Dec. next, at nine o'clock in the forenoon and show cause if any they have why the same should not be granted.

GEO. A. WILSON, Judge.
A true copy—Attest: H. C. DAVIS, Register.

OXFORD, ss:—At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford on the third Tuesday of Nov., A. D. 1884.

RICHARD M. WILLIAMSON, administrator on the estate of William Williamson, late of Bethel in said County, deceased, having presented his account of administration of the estate of said deceased for allowance:

ORDERED, that said Administrator give notice to all persons interested by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, a newspaper printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris, in said county, on the third Tuesday of Dec. next, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

GEO. A. WILSON, Judge
A true copy—Attest: H. C. Davis Register.

OXFORD ss:—At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the third Tuesday of Nov., A. D. 1884.

JESSE S. LIBBY, Administrator on the estate of Jeremiah S. Crosby, late of Philadelphia, Pa., deceased, having presented his account of administration of the estate of said deceased for allowance:

Ordered that said Administrator give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, that they may appear at a court of Probate to be held at Paris, in said county, on the third Tuesday of Dec. next at nine o'clock in the forenoon, and show cause if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

GEO. A. WILSON, Judge.
A true copy—attest: H. C. Davis, Register.

OXFORD ss.—At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the third Tuesday of Nov., A. D., 1884.

CHARLES B. BENSON, Administrator on the estate of Charles Woodbury late of Paris, in said County, deceased, having presented his account of administration of the estate of said deceased for allowance:

ORDERED, That the said Administrator give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris that they may appear at a Court of Probate to be held at Paris within and for said County on the third Tuesday of Dec. next, at 9 o'clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

GEO. A. WILSON, Judge.
A true copy—attest:—H. C. DAVIS, Register.

OXFORD, ss:—At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the county of Oxford on the third Tuesday of Nov., A. D. 1884.

CHARLES B. BENSON, Administrator on the estate of Mary J. Stetson, late of Paris, in said County, deceased, having presented his account of administration of the estate of said deceased for allowance:

Ordered, That the said Administrator give notice to all persons interested by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris in said County, on the third Tuesday of Dec. next, at 9 o'clock in the forenoon and show cause if any they have why the same should not be allowed.

GEO. A. WILSON, Judge.
A true copy—attest:—H. C. Davis, Register.

OXFORD, ss:—At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the third Tuesday of Nov., A. D. 1884.

HENRY FARWELL, Administrator on the estate of Barbour B. Farwell, late of Bethel, in said County, deceased, having presented his account of administration of the estate of said deceased for allowance:

ORDERED, that the said Administrator give notice to all persons interested by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris in said County, on the third Tuesday of Dec. next at 9 o'clock in the forenoon, and show cause if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

GEO. A. WILSON Judge.
A true copy—attest:—H. C. DAVIS, Register.

OXFORD, ss:—At a Court of Probate, held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the third Tuesday of Nov., A. D. 1884.

WILLIE MOORE, Executor on the estate of Dexter B. Moore, late of Lovell, in said County, deceased, having presented his account of administration of the Estate of said deceased for allowance:

ORDERED, That the said executor give notice to all persons interested by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris in said County on the third Tuesday of Dec. next at 9 o'clock in the forenoon and show cause if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

GEO. A. WILSON, Judge.
A true copy—attest: H. C. DAVIS, Register.

OXFORD, ss:—At a Court of Probate held in Paris, within and for the County of Oxford on the third Tuesday of Nov., A. D. 1884.

On the petition of America Andrews Guardian of John Andrews, Willie Andrews and Everett Andrews, minor heirs of James W. Andrews, late of Paris, in said County, deceased, praying for license to sell and convey at private sale certain real estate situated at North Paris in said County, fully described in his petition on file in the Probate Office:

Ordered, that the said petitioner give notice to all persons interested by causing an abstract of his petition with this order thereon, to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris in said county on the third Tuesday of Dec. next at 9 o'clock in the forenoon and show cause if any they have, why the same should not be granted.

GEO. A. WILSON, Judge.
A true copy.—attest: H. C. Davis, Register.

OXFORD, ss:—At a Court of Probate, held at Paris within and for the County of Oxford on the third Tuesday of Nov., A. D. 1884.

On the petition of George D. Bisbee and Anna Harlow, Guardian of Frank S. Harlow et als, minor heirs of Elbridge G. Harlow, late of Dixfield in said County, deceased praying for license to sell and convey certain real estate situated in Canton and Buckfield in said County at an advantageous offer of fifteen hundred dollars for the estate in Canton, and two hundred dollars for the estate in Buckfield said estates being fully described in their petition on file in Probate Office.

ORDERED, That the said petitioners give notice to all persons interested, by causing an abstract of their petition, with this order thereon, to be published three weeks successively in the OXFORD DEMOCRAT, a newspaper printed at Paris in said county, that they may appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Paris, on the third Tuesday of Dec. next, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the same should not be granted.

GEORGE A. WILSON, Judge.
A true copy—Attest: H. C. DAVIS, Register.

OXFORD, ss:—At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford on the third Tuesday of Nov., A. D. 1884.

On the petition of Monroe Peabody, Administrator of the estate of William K. Ripley, late of Peru in said County, deceased, praying for license to sell and convey one lot of land containing thirty acres more or less, and one saw mill, water power and mill lot, at an advantageous offer of five hundred dollars.

ORDERED, That the said Petitioner give notice to all persons interested by causing an abstract of his petition, with this order thereon, to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris, in said County, on the third Tuesday of Dec. next, at 9 o'clock in the forenoon and show cause if any they have, why the same should not be granted.

GEO. A. WILSON, Judge.
A true copy—attest: H. C. DAVIS, Register.

OXFORD, ss:—At a Court of Probate held at Paris within and for the County of Oxford, on the third Tuesday of Nov., A. D. 1884.

On the petition of David R. Hastings, Guardian of [illegible] H. Hastings, minor son of [illegible] Hastings, late of Bethel in said County deceased, praying for license to sell and convey certain lands situated in said Oxford County and fully described in his petition on file in the Probate office in said County, at an advantageous offer of three thousand four hundred and sixteen dollars to the Androscoggin Water Power Company.

Ordered, That the said Petitioner give notice to all persons interested, by causing an abstract of his petition, with this order thereon to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, a newspaper printed at Paris, in said County, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be holden at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford on the third Tuesday of Dec. next, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, and show cause if any they have, why the same should not be granted.

GEO. A. WILSON, Judge.
A true copy—Attest: H. C. DAVIS, Register.

Notice of Foreclosure.

WHEREAS Ora D. Annis, of Bethel in the County of Oxford and State of Maine, by his mortgage deed dated the twenty-first day of August A. D., 1881, and recorded in the Oxford Registry of Deeds, book 201, page 103, conveyed to one Walter M. Brown, a certain parcel of real estate, situated in Albany in said County and bounded and described as follows, viz: Being the easterly part of lot numbered three (3) in the sixth range of lots in said Albany, and being the same premises conveyed to said Annis by said Brown by deed dated August 21st, 1881. And whereas said Brown has assigned said mortgage to me, the undersigned, by his assignment dated March 27th, 1884, recorded in said Registry book 201, page 473. And whereas the condition of said mortgage has been broken, now therefore, by reason of the breach of the condition thereof, I claim a foreclosure of said mortgage.

CEYLON ROWE.

Dated Nov. 20th, A. D. 1884.
Attorney, A. E. HERRICK, Bethel.

Caution.

ALL PERSONS are cautioned against purchasing any note given to Woodbury & Purington, Woodbury, Purington & Co., or R. A. Chapman & Co., as they were stolen from the safe of Woodbury & Purington on the night of November 13th, 1884. WOODBURY & PURINGTON.

Bethel Nov. 14th, 1884.

Oxford Co. Agricultural Society.

ADJOURNED MEETING.

The members of this society are requested to assemble at the Fair Grounds on Monday, Dec. 1st, 1884, at 10 o'clock A. M., to hear the report of the committee on By-Laws and act upon such business as may properly come before them.

Per Order of SETH F. HOLBROOK, Pres.

Commissioners' Notice.

The undersigned, having been appointed by the Hon. Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford, on the third Tuesday of October, A. D., 1884, Commissioners to receive and examine the claims of creditors against the estate of John C. Merrill, late of Andover, in said County of Oxford, deceased represented insolvent, hereby give notice that six months from the date of said appointment are allowed to said creditors in which to present and prove their claims, and that they will be in session at the following places and times for the purpose of receiving such claims, viz: At the Andover House, in the town of Andover, in said county, on the first Tuesdays of February and March, A. D. 1885, at ten of the clock in the forenoon of each day.

Dated this twelfth day of November, A. D. 1884.

RICHARD A. FRYE.
JOHN ROWE.

Notice of Foreclosure.

WHEREAS, Moody E. Hutchins of Andover in the County of Oxford and State of Maine, by his mortgage deed dated the thirteenth day of October, A. D. 1882 and recorded in the Oxford Registry of Deeds, book 197, page 333, conveyed to me, the undersigned, a certain parcel of real estate situated in Andover in the County of Oxford and State of Maine and bounded and described as follows, viz: Lots No. 23 and 21 first range, west side, except a small piece of lot No. 23, containing about 15 acres. Lot No. 23, originally containing 99 acres and being known as the E. M. Cutting lot. Lot No. 21, containing 80 acres and being known as the Wm. Cutting lot. And whereas, the condition of said mortgage has been broken, now therefore, by reason of the breach of the condition thereof, I claim a foreclosure of said mortgage.

H. D. PURINTON.

A. E. Herrick, Esq. Bethel, Me., Atty. for H. D. Purinton.

Dated November 11, A. D. 1884.

To the Honorable County Commissioners for the County of Oxford.

THE undersigned, legal voters interested, respectfully represent that common convenience and necessity require the laying out and construction of a road, leading from Lovell in said county to Sweden in said county, commencing in said Lovell on the County road leading from Lovell village to North Waterford in said County, near the residence of David King in said Lovell, running easterly past said residence, and onward, past the residence of Charles Whitehouse in said Sweden, to the road leading from Sweden Corner in said county past the residence of John Evans in said Sweden, following from the place of commencing to the place of ending an old road.

Lovell, Oct 7th, A. D. 1884.

WILLIAM H. WALKER and 76 others.

STATE OF MAINE.

OXFORD ss:—Board of County Commissioners, September Session, 1884, held by adjournment November 10th 1884.

Upon the foregoing petition, satisfactory evidence having been received that the petitioners are responsible and that inquiry into the merits of their application is expedient,

It is Ordered that the County Commissioners meet at the house of David King in said Lovell, on Wednesday the third day of June next at ten of the clock A. M., and thence proceed to view the route mentioned in said petition; immediately after which view a hearing of the parties and their witnesses will be had at some convenient place in the vicinity and such other measures taken in the premises as the commissioners shall judge proper. And it is further ordered, that notice of the time, place and purpose of the commissioners' meeting aforesaid, be given to all persons and corporations interested by causing attested copies of said petition and of this order thereon to be served upon the respective Clerks of the towns of Lovell and Sweden and also posted up in three public places in each of said towns and published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, a newspaper printed at Paris, in the County of Oxford, the first of said publications and each of the other notices to be made, served and posted at least thirty days before said time of meeting, to the end that all persons and corporations may then and there appear and shew cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said petitioners should not be granted.

Attest: ALBERT S. AUSTIN, Clerk.

A true copy of said Petition and order of court thereon.

Attest: ALBERT S. AUSTIN, Clerk.

Administratrix' Sale.

PURSUANT to a license from the Hon. Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford, I shall sell at public auction on the premises, on Saturday, Dec. 13th, A. D. 1884 at 10 o'clock, a. m., all the right, title and interest to any and all real estate which Alexander W. Cotton, late of Hiram, in said county of Oxford, had at his decease.

Hiram, Nov. 11, A. D. 1884.

AUGUSTA B. COTTON, Admx.

FOR SALE.

ONE FIVE YEARS OLD COW, One STEER CALF (Red and White), ONE HEIFER CALF.

C. H. RIPLEY.
Paris Hill, Nov 7, 1884.

FOR SALE,

A GRADE JERSEY COW, to come in the last of this month.

W. K. GREENE.
Paris Hill, Nov. 10th, 1884.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Saturday: Gen. Butler won a suit in the U. S. Supreme Court that had been contested for 12 years.——Ex Congressman Jones of Tenn. died; he received 8 successive elections to Congress.

Monday: Cape Cod was highly excited over the phenomenal appearance of a school of blackfish on the coast; 1,500 were caught, valued at $20,000.

Tuesday: A daughter of Wm. B. Astor was married in New York, and the wedding gifts amounted to $250,000; ten thousand roses perfumed the rooms.——There was a heavy snow storm at Baltimore.

Wednesday: Hon W. P. Sheffield was appointed U. S. Senator from Rhode Island to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of Mr. Anthony.

Thursday: The Vt. Democrats celebrated at Montpelier with 10 bands, several military companies and 5,000 paraders.——The deaths from cholera in Paris were 30, and the disease is fast increasing.

Friday: In the English House of Commons a motion to abolish the House of Lords was defeated by the narrow majority of 75.

SHAVING STANDS. A very nice present for gentlemen; in a great variety of styles and finish, at Paine's, 48 Canal Street, Boston.

PEDESTALS for Groups and Statuary in numerous styles and finish at Paine's, 48 Canal St., Boston.

TEMPERATURE LAST WEEK AT 7 A. M.—Sunday, 26°, clear; Monday, 31°, clear; Tuesday, 12°, clear; Wednesday, 10°, clear; Thursday, 20°, snow; Friday, 16°, clear; Saturday, 28°, clear.

WHAT IS AGOIL?

It can hardly be credited except by those who have tested it. What a vast amount of pain and suffering my be saved by its use. Clean, pure and sure. For internal and external pain.

A. M. Gerry sells stacks of it and will give a sample bottle free.

—List of patents issued to Maine inventors for the week ending Nov. 11, reported for us by J. R. Mason, Solicitor of Patents, Bangor:

E. A. Buck, assignor to M. A. Buck, Bangor, Seam protector for moccasin boots and shoes.

J. S. Cleveland and G. F. Kent, Norridgewock, Insulator.

F. C. Simonds, Kennebunk, Valve gear for engines.

Trade-marks—Pepperell M'f'g Co., Biddeford, 4 devices on cotton goods.

For the week ending Nov. 18:

J. W. Bixby, Athens, Belt-tightener.

E. Mansfield, Orono, Portable revolving wax horn.

W. H. Martin, Portland, Treating certain kinds of cotton.

H. T. Whipple, Portland, Pocket memorandum book.

W. H. Whittemore, assignor 1-2 to Hoyt & Co., Deering, Blackboard.

E. R. Wilder and J. P. Clark, Portland, Thermostat

MARRIED.

In Fryeburg, Nov 16th, by Rev B. N. Stone, Mr. Edward F. Cotton and Miss Myra J. Bean, both of Brownfield.

In Bethel, Nov. 17th, by Rev. D. Garland, Mr. Levi S. Heywood and Miss Lilla A. Thurston, both of Errol, N. H.

In Upton, Nov. 16th, by C. L. Douglas, Esq., Mr. Daniel Austin of Livermore and Miss Mary A. Decoster of Lewiston.

Professional Cards, &c.

SOUTH PARIS.

Branch Office of the Oxford Democrat, No. 3, Odd Fellow's Block.

VILLAGE DIRECTORY.

CHURCHES.

First Congregational Church, Rev. E. C. Ingalls, Pastor: On Sunday, preaching service, 10.45 A. M. Sabbath-school, 12 M.; teacher's meeting, 3.45 A. M.; young people's meeting, 6 P. M.; prayer meeting, 7 P. M. Wednesday prayer meeting, 7.30.

Methodist Church, Rev. J. E. Foss, Pastor: On Sunday, preaching service, 10.45 A. M.; Sabbath-school, 12 M.; morning prayer meeting, 9.30 A. M.; evening prayer meeting, 7 P. M. Tuesday prayer meeting, 7.45 P. M. Class meeting, Friday, 7.45 P. M.

POST OFFICE.

Mails for Portland close at 6.10 and 11 A. M.
Mails from Portland arrive at 10.15 A. M. and 3.45 P. M.
Mails for up country close at 10 A. M. and 3.20 P. M.
Mails from up country arrive at 6 and 11 A. M.

RAILROAD.

Trains for Portland leave So. Paris at 6.10 and 10.52 A. M., and 3.50 P. M.; trains from Portland reach So. Paris at 10.30 A. M., 3.37 and 7.30 P. M. Trains on the Norway branch leave So. Paris and return before and after the arrival of each through train on the G. T. R.

STATED MEETINGS.

F. & A. M.—Regular meeting Tuesday evening on or before full moon.
I. O. O. F.—Mount Mica Lodge, regular meetings, Thursday evening of each week.—Aurora Encampment, first and third Monday evenings of each month.
P. of H.—Paris Grange.
Golden Cross—Second and third Tuesdays.

SOUTH PARIS ADVERTISERS.

H. N. Bolster, Boots, Shoes, Rubbers, Underwear, Flour.
W. A. Frothingham, Boots and Shoes.
N. D. Bolster, General Store.
G. H. Porter, Confectionery, Fruit, Tobacco.
S. P. Maxim & Son, Doors, Sash &c.; Rubber Paint.
F. C. Merrill, Agricultural Implements.
H. E. Jones, Physician.
J. W. Davis, Dentist.
Horatio Woodbury, Physician and Surgeon.
A. C. Jones, Machinist.
House for Sale, W. A. Frothingham.

OXFORD COUNTY LOCALS.

ANDOVER, Nov. 21.—About six inches of snow fell Wednesday night and Thursday forenoon, making quite passable sleighing.

Tuesday afternoon the multitude left their work and turned out to see Dr. Twitchell wheel Henry Mills from Hasting's blacksmith shop to the M. E. church, as he had wagered to do in case of Cleveland's election. Mills is a man of considerable avoirdupois, but the Dr. was equal to the task.

Wednesday night our Democratic friends celebrated their party victory with bon fires, rockets, firing of old muskets and bell-ringing. Houses and stores were illuminated, while Chinese lanterns decorated several piazzas. The Band was in attendance and furnished the jollifiers with some of their best music. Now and then through the evening the boom of a cannon could be heard distinctly in the direction of Bethel.

The Methodist Ladies Circle met with Mrs. O. A. Jordon, of So. Andover, Thursday evening of this week.

Mr. Frank A. Perkins is to teach at Milton Pl., this winter, beginning next Monday.

Mrs. Ingalls Bragg has been visiting friends at Providence, R. I., for several weeks past.

W. B. Berry is to drive team for F. P. Thomas, at the lakes, through the logging season.

Mr. Wm. Harding, of No. 4, raised the past season, about 275 bushels of potatoes, 200 bushels of oats, 100 bushels of Indian wheat and 9 bushels of beans. Harding's farm is not a large one and he does his work alone. He has a pair of yearling steers, that while not as large as some are good sized and decidedly fancy in looks.

Mr. Meserve, the meat man, has built a new slaughterhouse in connection with Mr. D. G. Berry's barn.

Mr. H. E. Hutchins bought Wardwell's stock of hardware and blacksmith's furnishings, and has the same for sale at his shop.

The fox hunters are on the war path. Mr. Foye reported six holed, Wednesday night.

Mr. Henry Swett, who has been trapping and gunning on the upper Magalloway is "out of the woods." E.

GILEAD, Nov. 18.—A large amount of lumbering business will be carried on here this winter. Edwin Plummer of Lisbon, has bought out the Sanderson heirs in the timber land north of Gilead, and will cut one million feet of spruce from it this winter; he has already begun operations. Ephraim Wight has about four thousand trees piled up in the woods for winter operations. William Mason of Bethel, is doing quite a business cutting birch from his Newry lot, which will be drawn out by William Chapman. John W. Bennett will do large business at his mills; he will put in eight hundred cords of birch to his mill in Shelburne, N. H., and about fifteen hundred at his mill in the village. J. P. Skillings intends to put in two thousand cords of birch to his mill, the most of which will be cut in the Wild River Valley. Lock & Hastings are enlarging their mill at "Nigger Tom," and will put in machinery to finish up all kinds of long lumber. B.

HARTFORD, Nov. 19.—Having taught 55 schools, I learned much of human nature, and never visited a place since I closed my last school, in 1870, but some person knew me in Massachusetts or Maine. I wish to name one incident that took place while teaching in Turner village, which is now bright on memory's tablet: Charles Andrews, a loved friend of mine, was my bedfellow. He, being a lawyer, invited me to call into his office evenings and look at his library and newspapers. I often embraced the opportunity. He being a warm Democrat, and I a live Whig, our opinions were freely given. We promised not to betray each other's secrets. I told him, one night before election, the Whigs would gain over thirty votes over the Democrats in a town where there were not ten in town. He said, "how can you do it?" I replied, "by not stirring up the Whigs." He said, with a smile, "you will do it." It proved to be true (there were no St John votes then). He, being elected a Representative from Turner, left for Augusta at the proper time. Dr. Sewell Parcher was then my bedfellow. He made me the same offer that Andrews had done, which I accepted. When my school closed I received my wages, besides some knowledge of law and medicine. From the six persons in that happy family, one besides myself are the only persons now living, to my knowledge.

One of the most beautiful bonfires I have seen since election was on the evening of the 18th, on Streaked Mountain. It was a steady light, seen from my bed.
HARTFORD.

NORWAY.—The tale is told. Democrat procession at last, after twenty-four years of disappointment and defeat; at last they have had their day. Imagine if you can, the excitement of the Norway people when it was at last announced to the public, that the Democrats, on Thursday, Nov. 20th, were to "paint the town red," to use their own words. After so many years of their being only lookers on, and seeing, of course, so many imperfections in the celebrations of the opposite party, everything was looked for from them. During the night before there was a fall of several inches of snow, which rendered the marching rather an uncertain thing. Soon after dark the crowd began to gather, mostly Republicans, to see how the "painting" was done. By and by the strains of the band were heard and by the lights of the flickering torches in the procession, could be seen advancing—first, the Norway Band, muffled in their overcoats, headed by Mr. E. N. Clement, who acted as a drum major. Next is seen a pair of white horses, very much afraid of the band, and what are they hauling? Do you give it up? Every one also did. It seemed to be a large sled from the center of which steam seemed to arise, and "ever and anon" a whistle with a very cramped voice, was heard to issue from the steamy abyss. This boxed-up mystery was at last explained by a looker-on from an upper window, who caught the likeness, as the horses performed one of their backward retreats into the midst of the torches,—a steamboat on runners, representing the *Talapoosa* of our navy. Who says the Oxford County people have not fertile brains. After this wonderful production came the torch-bearers. Whether it was the snow, or the "O be joyful" occasion, not much uniformity or precision was noticed; each man seemed to be for himself. After these some mounted torch-bearers; then the Gorham, N. H. Band; some more torches, and the finale, which appeared quite indistinguishable, and the lights cast their shadows before and left the afterpiece enveloped in darkness. What it was no one knows and no one tells. Thus endeth the endeavors of twenty-four years. Some of the transparencies were about the same as have been seen in the surrounding villages in their Hurrahs: "They died hard" "Maine's Idol son, J. G. B.", etc. Mr. Kimball, esq., bore the likeness of the President elect. As to the length of the procession, it would be quite impossible to say, not hearing directly from headquarters. Some of the spectators were heard to remark that it was a quarter of a mile long, while others said it was a quarter of a mile apart. In the business portion of the town no illuminations were seen, even some of the leading Democratic places of business were closed and darkened. The private houses on Main Street which were illuminated are as follows: The houses of W. W. Whitcomb, S. A. Crockett, A. I. Rowe, Mrs. Susan Smith, Messrs. Austin, Pike, Smith and Mrs. Foster. The part of the town most brilliant was that portion called "Poor Duck;" nearly every house being decorated in some manner. Some comical episodes came to the ears of the outsiders. Mr. Steven Seavy, an old timed Democrat, was said to have marched in the procession, wearing a light Blaine hat. One lady who takes quite an interest in Democratic politics, illuminated the front of her residence with chinese lanterns, some of which bore the names of Blaine and Logan. She probably bought them of the wrong druggist. No accidents occured worthy of mention, excepting, we understand the bands came near colliding on Paris Street, in a right about face. There is one thing more we would like to say—not one good round hurrah was heard. Is it because they have been out of practice for so many years? They should have practiced those minor details. But to us comes, first and last, a good loud and ringing hurrah for our candidates.

Harry Rust Post, G. A. R., of Norway, entertained their friends, and ladies, who helped to make the G. A. R. Fair of last year such a success, at Grange Hall, Friday evening of last week. At seven o'clock a bountiful supper was served to the guests. After supper war songs were sung, remarks made by acting Commander Bartlett, agitating the question of a Women's Relief, to be organized among the relatives and friends of the Post. Remarks were made on this subject by several of the comrades, also a few appropriate words by Mrs. Elliot Smith, in her usual pleasing way, and a stirring and enthusiastic speech by Miss Pike. A few more songs were sung, and closed by singing one verse of "Nearer my God to thee."

On Wednesday evening next, we understand, the Universalist Society are to present a farce entitled "The Little Rebel." No supper will be served.

Sabbath-school concert at the Universalist church, next Sabbath evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Freeland Howe are visiting in Lynn.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis O'Brion of Auburn, are in town.

Mrs. Geo. Beale gave quite a large tea party last week, to Rev. Miss Angel and friends. J.

OXFORD.—The many friends of Miss Bertie N. Phillips, who taught school so long at East Oxford will be glad to hear that she has had grand success with her school at Raymond village. Her school closed last week. The report speaks of her as an "experienced, thorough and successful teacher." She is now teaching at White Oak Hill.

A son of Bloomfield Herrick went out into the barn to feed the cattle. Two of the scaffolds are about two feet apart. He fell through the opening, breaking his collar bone and severely bruising his head.

A Deputy Sheriff and four policemen from Lewiston came up and lugged off one Brown on a charge of stealing hardware from a Lewiston store.

An unsuccessful attempt was made to break into the office of the Robinson Manufacturing Company on the night before pay day.

The will of the late Hollis Moore of Boston, bequeaths $800 to the Congregational and $500 to the Methodist churches here.

The mill girls are trying to break up the monotony of loafing round their languid, lingering looms by tying a towel or handkerchief round their necks and then pulling the ends with both hands to see how near they can come to choking themselves to death without quite popping. They say there is an awful pile of fun in it.

Orrin Gracey has purchased the Daniel Hacket place.

Thomas Baker has a splendid lot of Christmas goods.

Geo. Jones has a splendid lot of Christmas goods. He has put a register in his drug store to warm it up this coming winter.

Dr. Stevens has a splendid lot of Christmas goods. So also have Durrell & Hawks and King & Holmes.

The other morning, the crew of the steamship Island Belle were seen sitting disconsolate and cross-legged on the wharf, smoking their pipes with the calm philosophy of men who believe whatever is, is fate. They said somebody had stole their ship. Subsequent investigation showed that the terrible gale of the night before had torn their ship from its mooring and beached it near the winter residence of W. R Farris, esq. They righted things and started up the pond. A big gust of wind blew off the smoke stack into the pond, where it sunk like lead.

J. F. Hayes has nearly finished his new house. It is one of the prettiest and most convienient residences in the village.

E. R. Bennett, esq., talks of going to Idaho.

Have we a poetess among us?

People here are not interested in the election. Elections don't amount to nothing, nohow!

The following are the names of the pupils in the primary department, who have not missed a half day during the term: Ida Hawkes, Ida Bowie, Gracie Grant, Lilis Knight, Lulu Pike, Addie Pike, Georgie Watson, Eliza Bowie, Lennie Bowie.

PARIS.—Thursday being Thanksgiving, there will be services in the Baptist vestry at eleven o'clock a. m. The Thursday evening prayer meeting will be omitted.

Mr. Doe, the Agent, informs us that the three months winter terms of the village schools will commence on Monday, Dec 1st. The Grammar school will be taught by H. R. Dunham, of Colby University; the primary school will be taught by the teacher of last term, Miss A. Louise Doe.

A lodge of Good Templers has been organized in this village called Perham Lodge, No. 298, with the following officers: J. E. Cochrane, W. C. T.; Miss Julia P. Morton, W. V. T.; Carrie Davis, W. S.; A. S. Austin, W. F. S.; Maggie Stanley, W. T.; Carrol Hooper, W. C.; Charles Meserve, W. M.; Mattie Hall, W. D. M.; Lizzie Giles, W. I. G.; W. W. Austin, W. O. G.; Annie Eastman, R. S. C. T.; Mrs. M. H. Crockett, L. S. C. T.; Geo. B. Crockett, P. W. C. T. Lodge meetings Wednesday evenings, place to be designated hereafter. Five applications for membership were received at the first meeting.

Dr. S. B. Morse was in town Monday, having returned from his course of lectures in New York.

Arthur E Hatch, a blind man, who is trying to secure an education, will give a lecture in the Baptist Vestry, Wednesday eve., at 7:30 o'clock. The lecture is free. Subject, "Popular Education."

NO. PARIS.—Prof. Wallace gave a very interesting lecture, Tuesday evening, Nov. 18th.

Mr. James B. Andrews was brought to this place and buried, last Sabbath, by the remains of his wife, who was buried only a few months ago.

Jonas Bisbee from Newry is visiting his friends and former neighbors at No. and West Paris.

We had about six inches of snow, Wednesday night and Thursday morning. Friday evening the warm sun has interrupted our sleighing today. W.

WEST PARIS.—Alpha Powers and wife, from Hanover, have been making Mr. Witham, their former pastor, a short visit.

Prof. Wallace of Chicago delivered three very interesting, instructive and impressive lectures at the M. E. church. First evening—"How shall we solve the problem of Life?" Second and third evenings—"Egypt, and the teachings of the great Pyramid." Prof. Wallace is thoroughly acquainted with his subjects and is a very able and interesting speaker. He very deeply interested his audience in his lectures. We congratulate ourselves in being permitted to enjoy the favors of such able and interesting lectures. Prof. Wallace will (D. V.) lecture again at this place, on Saturday evening, Nov. 29th, and Sabbath and other evenings following; free to all—all are cordially invited.

Six inches of snow, Wednesday night; sleigh bells jingled, and the people enjoyed a slide. The snow has mostly gone in the roads today (Friday). There is more to follow. W.

RUMFORD.—Quite a snow storm Wednesday night, and sleighs are running quite busily. Mercury Friday morning 15° above zero. The river is freezing so that navigation is difficult.

There has been considerable sickness in our little village this fall, but nearly all have recovered. William Farnum, son of N. S. Farnum, has had typhoid fever; he is now convalesing. Mrs. Betsey Eaton, who has been confined to the house with a felon on her thumb, is able to be out.

The I. O. of G. T. met at their hall Wed. evening and had a supper, and installation of officers. A good time is reported. The Juvenile Temple continue to meet weekly. Master Earnest Farnum is "chief" this quarter, and Miss Sarah Martin, W. V.

The ladies circle met at the M. E. Parsonage Tuesday. X. Y. Z.

EAST SUMNER.—An incident has come to our knowledge that may be of interest to students of natural history. The principal actor in the incident was a hen, the property of J. T. Stetson, the subordinate actor a small rodent mammal known to scientific men as the *mus musculus*, known to the feline tribe as a dainty tidbit, to women (it is said) as an object of terror, and to the world at large as the unassuming mouse. Mr. Stetson was at his barn one day, and noticed the hen with all the agility of a cat dart forward and seize some object, which closer inspection showed was a full grown mouse. Thus at last the cat found a rival.

The library of Invincible Lodge of Good Templars, started less than a year ago, now numbers over a hundred volumes. As a means of raising funds to make a farther addition of books the members propose to give an entertainment Tuesday evening, Dec. 2, when the drama, "One Hundred Years Ago" and the farce, "We're all Teetotalers" will be presented.
SIRRAH.

WOODSTOCK, Nov. 21.—Mr. W. S. Bryant has moved his family to Gorham N. H.

A telephone line is to be put up between here and the Richardson Lakes.

Malcolm En Earle has moved to Merrimac, Mass.

John G. Tebbetts & Co. will buy birch to be delivered at Bryant's Pond station this winter.

O. N. Billings of Boston, has arrived with several horses which are to be employed hauling bark from Sygotch to this station.

The winter schools will all soon be commenced and will be in charge of the following teachers: Gore District, Josiah Moody; Chase, Geo. L. Cushman; North Woodstock, H. C. Bacon; Bryant's Pond, Etta Parks; Nute, S. L. Curtis; Perkins, Geo. Q. Perham. Miss Clara G. Bryant will teach at North Paris village.

Dr. R. P. Sawyer has removed to Portland and rented his house to Alonzo Dimmock. L. D.

Non-Resident Taxes

In the town of Peru in the County of Oxford and State of Maine, for the year 1883.

THE following list of taxes, on real estate of non-resident owners, in the town of Peru, for the year 1883, in bills committed to Benjamin Lovejoy, Collector of taxes of said town, on the 18th day of August, 1883, has been returned by him to me as remaining unpaid on the 16th day of August 1884, by his certificate of that date, and now remain unpaid and notice is hereby given that if the said taxes, interest and charges are not paid into the Treasury of said town of Peru within 18 months from the date of the commitment of said bills, so much of the real estate taxed as will be sufficient to pay the amount due therefor, including interest and charges, will, without further notice, be sold at public auction, at E. S. Wyman's store in said town on the 1st day of April, 1885, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon.

Owners, or unknown.	Descrip'n	No. Lot.	No. of Range.	No. Acres	Value.	Tax due.
Bolster, Otis C., estate of	Peck's Grant, island opposite Walton Brown farm.			10	$50	.90
Ward, Warren,	Foxes' G'nt,	6	15, 8,	232	875	15.75
Thompson, Wm.,	Thompson's Grant	9	12	100	160	3.24
Bisbee, Lewis,	undivided h'lf of south half of the E Young place.	5	8 9,	100	125.	2.25
Libby, Josiah,	N. E. half,	3,	12	50	45.	1.62
	N. E. half,	4,	12	50	45.	
Bearce, L.,	Thompson's G'nt,	8,	13	100	125.	2.2
Ward, Warren,	" "	7,	5	75		
	" "	6,	5	100	450.	8.10
Tolds, John,	" "	2,	13	50	65.	1.[illegible]
	" "	4,	12	1	10.	.18
Staples, Rebecca,	S. E. half,	7,	6	50	35	.63

WILLIAM H. WALKER,
Treasurer of Peru.

NOTICE.

Whereas my wife, Annie R. Record, has left my bed and board. I shall pay no debts of her contracting after this date.
WILLIAM H. RECORD.
E. Hebron, Nov. 3, 1884.

Grand Trunk Railway

Winter Arrangement.

On and after Sept. 8th, 1884, and until further notice, trains will run as follows:

MONTREAL TO PORTLAND.

	Pass. A. M.	Mixed. A. M.	Mixed. P. M.
Gorham,	9:20	3:45	2:10
Gilead,	9:42	4:24	2:30
W. Bethel,	9:58	4:45	3:15
Bethel,	10:05	4:56	3:30
Locke's Mills,	10:15	5:10	3:50
Bryant's Pond,	10:22	5:23	4:17
West Paris,	10:35	5:43	4:40
So. Paris,	10:52	6:10	5:05
So. Paris, (leave)	10:55	6:15	5:10
Norway, (arrive)	11:00	6:20	5:15
Norway, (leave)	10:40	6:00	4:00
So. Paris, (arrive)	10:45	6:05	4:05
Oxford,	11:07	6:31	5:27
Lewiston Junction,	11:30	7:08	6:30
Portland,	12:35	9:45	8:30

Trains leave Lewiston for Portland at 7:15 7:50 and 11:45 A. M., and 1:57 and 4:30 P. M.

PORTLAND TO MONTREAL.

	Mixed. A. M.	Pass. P. M.	Mixed. P. M.
Portland,	7:35	1:30	4:00
Lewiston Junction,	8:15	2:46	6:30
Oxford,	9:10	3:18	7:05
So. Paris,	10:10	3:37	7:30
So. Paris, (leave)	10:15	3:10	7:33
Norway, (arrive)	10:20	3:15	7:40
Norway, (leave)	10:00	3:27	7:25
So. Paris, (arrive)	10:05	3:32	7:30
West Paris,	10:35	4:00	7:58
Bryant's Pond,	10:52	4:17	8:18
Locke's Mills,	11:05	4:26	8:30
Bethel,	11:18	4:40	8:47
W. Bethel,	11:32	4:50	9:00
Gilead,	11:53	5:05	9:23
Gorham,	12:30	5:35	10:00

Trains leave Portland, for Lewiston at 7:15 and 7:30 A. M., 1:15, and 5:20 P. M.

OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

[Communications for this Department should be sent the editor, W. H. Eastman, East Sumner, Me.]

I.—CHARADE.

"Come, Johnie, and *primal* for me."
"O, mother, I'm tired!" said he.
"But you must," said his mother,—
"Either you or your brother;
Take hold of the *total*," said she.

"But I'm terribly tired," said he,
"And *finaling* and I don't agree."
"*Prime* awhile," said his mother—
First you, then your brother;
Last the *whole* up and down," said she.

GELIA SANN.

II.—ENIGMA.

Composed of 29 letters.

My 5, 4, 3, 2, 27, 18, 25, 9 was an ancient musical instrument.

My 13, 11, 6, 1, 14 is the cry of a frog.

My 23, 12, 22 is a pronoun.

My 29, 8, 26, 27, 28, 7, 17 is a public speech.

My 2, 10, 24, 16 is to behold.

My 15 is a pronoun.

My 19, 20, 21, 5 is an instrument of punishment,

My whole is from Shakespeare.

F. E. L.

III.—WORD SQUARE.

1. A satellite.
2. A medley.
3. Unctuous substances.
4. An organ of the face.

F. E. L.

IV.—THE DETECTIVE'S LETTER.

(Fill the blanks with the names of quadrupeds, and the puzzles will be phonetically solved.)

— Mr. Smith:

I write to ask you to advance — money, as I paid — I had left of your former remittance when I bought the — — and the set of — furs. The trap I set worked well, and has furnished some new — in the chain of evidence against Jack, I shall — his piazza tonight, and as he often walks and talks in his sleep, I may hear something to help me — out the mystery that still remains.

Had it not been for — on Jack's part, a characteristic I am told was his from his boyhood, and the unfortunate circumstances that his — was stolen by the — he afterwards married, I think he would not have turned out so badly.

Another dishonest act in which he was caught was the sale of a small quantity of brown — which proved to be one — and a half short in weight. This is a fair sample of his manner of dealing since he opened his "Fur and Hair Emporium," as his sign reads. I cannot — to think of his downfall, for Jack was naturally a good fellow.

I see from my window that his — has disappeared, and he has doubtless retired. I will therefore attend to my night's watch.

Truly Yours,
I SPY.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES OF LAST WEEK.

1.—Nameless.

2.—Rome was not built in a day.

3.
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    M
  S C A R F
  C O R A L
M A R E N A S
  R A N D Y
  F L A Y S
    S
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4.—1, Eel. 2, Tobacco. 3, Cat. 4, Tin. 5, Pine. 6, Mica. 7, Lamp. 8, End.

WHAT I KNOW ABOUT BOOK AGENTS.

[Washington Hatchet.]

I have been doing a light jobbing trade in miscellaneous jokes and paragraphs for some time, and have never yet said a word about book agents. Having a little experience in that line, I am aching to tell it, and it seems to me that my previous good conduct ought to have a palliating effect on this my first offence. But be that as it may, if I am ever going to breathe my experience to the world, now is the accepted time. The grand jury will be in session at Indianapolis next week, and if I wait the opportunity will pass forever. Now, anybody that don't want to hear what I am going to say may get out.

I was sitting in the office last week, with nothing in particular to do except to scratch the paint off the desk with my boot heels, and expectorate anon into the waste basket. Business was dull—duller than a "dull thud"—and anything that would help to kill time was welcome. That is why the book agent wasn't bounced in the first place.

He said he was a canvasser for the Eureka Encyclopædia. To prove it he showed it to me.

I told him that I had one encyclopædia, and that I had a faint recollection of using it once—long ago in the hallowed days of my youth.

"Since then," said I, "whenever I see anything in the papers that I want to remember I cut it out and paste it in my hat. Then I keep my old hats on file in the attic, and when I want to find anything I keep the children out of school for a half day and let them hunt for it."

The scheme seemed to strike the agent as novel, but he suggested several of its drawbacks and hitches.

I admit the facts.

Then he went on to say you could find anything in his book upon a moment's notice.

I told him that if one could find anything in the book I wanted it.

"Oh, yes; you could find anything and everything," and he smiled assuringly.

I opened one of the books and turned to the letter P, then to P-a-t.

"Here, my friend, you know more about this book than I, just turn to Patterson—William Patterson—I want to find who struck him."

A troubled look passed over the agent's face. He said he was sorry, but that was not in the book.

Then I reminded him of the statement that you could ascertain anything in this great work.

He said that was true; you could find anything, but not that kind.

I asked him where he drew the line, and he seemed dazed.

"Well," said I, "how is one to know what questions are to be ruled out?"

"Who defeated Hancock?"

"Can I find that?"

"Who wrote the 'Bread Winners?' and while you are about, who wrote 'Beautiful Snow?'"

Is that question according to Hoyle?"

"Maybe you can find what is the death-rate among the Piute Indians?"

"What is the chemical formula for oleomargarine?"

"Where was Moses when the light went out?"

"Who was—"

But the book agent had fled—out into the gloaming. He had taken my innocent questions for a rebuff, and his too delicate and highly sensitive nature could not stand it. Hence his departure into the gloaming.

HOW A MOUSE BROKE UP A FAMILY.—A lady in Coseytown, Pa., discovered a mouse in the family flour barrel. She summoned her husband and told him to get the gun, call the dog and station himself near the scene of onslaught. Getting up on a high chair she commenced punching the flour barrel with a pole. The poor mouse soon made his appearance, and started across the floor, the dog immediately in pursuit. In the excitement the man fired the gun, killing the dog, and the lady fainted and fell off the chair. The man, thinking that she was dead and fearing arrest for murder, cleared out, and he has not been heard of since. The mouse escaped.

AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT.

CONDUCTED BY B. WALKER MCKEEN.

Correspondence on practical agricultural topics is solicited. Address all communications intended for this department to Mr. McKeen, at Fryeburg, Maine.

WINTER TREATMENT OF MILCH COWS.

[Country Gentleman.]

The aim in the treatment of milch cows in winter, should be to continue the conditions of summer as nearly as possible. This requires comfortable quarters, not only against the inclemency of the weather, but in all else that relates to the well being of the cow—such as warm stables, but not too warm; ventilation, to control temperature and admit fresh air, but not directly on the animals; floor well littered with fine vegetable material, to absorb fluids and odors—aided by plaster, thus securing a clean, dry, soft bed to lie and stand on; carding; plenty of good water, conveniently obtained; occasional out-door airing and exercise, without rash exposure to cold and wet, getting as much sunlight as possible and avoiding great changes of temperature; kind treatment, making the cow feel at home. Give food, to meet her requirements; if in calf, let the nitrogenous element be well represented, and let the feed be largely of a succulent character, to keep in line with the summer diet, such as roots or ensilage, with early cut clover, well cured. Feed early and late, and a few times during the day, keeping the cow mostly employed with slight feeds between the two principal rations, the night serving for rest. Begin the winter feed early, in order to avoid exposure to inclement weather, and to realize a late fall and early winter harvest of butter, for which a superior price is obtained.

It is a great fault with many farmers to allow their cows the range of the farm—thus getting more exercise than is good for a milch cow, trampling the field and making muddy paths, while the frost-bitten food that they pick is of reduced benefit, and leaves the fields bare and exposed to the winter's severity. It is an error to suppose that late grass, frost-bitten and bleached, is of more value as feed than for protection and plant food. Leaving the grass unfed is, in effect, green manuring, without the expense of turning it under.

By thus favoring our fields, we at the same time favor our cows also. By putting them up early requires attention, but pays well, as now the time can be well afforded, and the cows are continued in good condition without break, yielding a continued liberal supply of milk. All rash changes in feed and in treatment should be avoided, and above all, do not intermit the kindness in the least, without which a milch cow will never do her best.

There is nothing new in all this, which makes it so much the better, as it has the experience of the most successful dairymen, yielding the largest quantity of the best milk and an increased percentage of butter from it, beside benefitting the cows.

F. G.

Fort Plain, N. Y.

POULTRY FENCES.

Everybody knows how to make a fence for the poultry yard, but everybody does not know how to make a cheap fence. Fences are very expensive, and any plan that enables a person to make a fence in such a manner as to cost but little and yet be servicable, will always be adopted. The cheapest fence is made of lath, but unless it is well made it is worthless. The desire should be to have the fence as strong as possible, and the weakest place is near the bottom. The objection to a lath fence is that dogs sometimes break through, not intentionally on the part of the dogs, but because the fence will not withstand pressure.

To make a good, strong, durable lath fence, six feet high, the panels may be eight feet. Having placed the posts 8 feet apart, procure some good shingling strips, (shingling lath,) and securely nail the bottom strip from post to post, and six inches above the ground. Nail the next strip exactly eighteen inches above the first one. Thus the first strip will be six inches above the ground, and the second strip being eighteen inches above that, will consequently be two feet from the ground. The third (or top) strip should be nailed three above the second, or five feet from the ground. Now, nail to the bottom strip half laths. As a lath is four feet long, a half lath will be two feet in length. Let the bottom touch the ground. Nail the lath to the two strips, the bottom of each lath of course being on the ground, the top of the lath is nailed to the second (or middle) strip. Place the half laths one inch apart, which will keep in the chicks as the larger fowls. Here it will be noticed that you have a strong, close, good fence, with the cross strips only eighteen inches high, and six inches only from the lower strip to the ground, but the fence is only two feet high.

Having made the fence only two feet high, but close and strong, you now desire height. This is made of the whole lath, which is nailed to the middle and top strips, but instead of being only one inch apart, two inches will be close enough. The fence will thus be six feet feet high, and durable.

The practice of nailing a whole lath with a half lath above it is here reversed, as we place the half lath at the bottom, and the whole lath at the top. There are several advantages to be gained by so doing. First, the strips are brought close to each other, making the pressure against two strips instead of one. The half lath can be placed closer together with economy, than with the use of the whole lath. Should it be desired, the whole lath may be three inches apart, as full security of confinement is made by the lower.

It is cheaper to repair a rotten half lath than a whole one, and as such fences usually begin to give out at the lower part first, this is a great advantage. Such a fence combines strength, cheapness and efficiency, and can be made by any one.—*Ex.*

AN OLD TRUTH NEWLY STATED.

It has long been an axiom in political economy that the one-sided growth of a nation is not productive of wealth; or in other words that a nation or state which gives attention to the development of but one great industry, cannot be a rich nation. And strange as it may appear at first glance, it follows that nations whose chief interest is in agriculture must be comparatively poor.

This old fact is newly stated by Hon. J. R. Dodge, the very able statiscian of the Department of Agriculture, in his recent work, "Farm and Factory," as aids to agriculture from other industries, in which he says that India, with a population three times that of the United States, produces, possibly, half as much in value of agricultural products as our own country. With industry so one-sided, intelligence wanes, skill and invention are wanting, and ignorance flourishes. In that country there is but one mile of railway to every twenty-five thousand inhabitants; in the United States there is one to each five hundred inhabitants—a difference of fifty to one. In our own country forty per cent. of the people produce all that is required for the agricultural consumption of all—while thirty per cent. should do it with better farming and more labor-saving machinery. And yet India, with twice this population, has a famine every few years, and millions of her people die because there are not railways enough to carry the food to the famine-stricken districts. In other districts farmers are ruined by large production, with no opportunity to sell.

These facts and similar ones which might be adduced from the condition of affairs in Egypt, Holland, and other strictly agricultural countries show that nations whose development of agriculture is great, to the exclusion of other industries, are always comparatively poor. It is in those nations where the manufacturing and industrial branches are most highly developed, and where there is an excess of non-farming population, that agriculture receives its greatest encouragement and attains its highest development. And this is why, in great manufacturing sections, labor and capital invested in farming gives the safest and most satisfactory returns. In New England, which is a great manufacturing centre, agriculture is sure to be always remuerative.—*Home Farm.*

"BOOK FARMERS."

[American Agriculturalist.]

All intelligent, successful farmers are book farmers—just as all good lawyers and doctors are book lawyers and book doctors. It is monstrous nonsense to deride a farmer because he reads agricultural books and agricultural papers. He may be a great reader and a very poor farmer. He may be a lazy man, that prefers to sit down rather than to hold the plow, or to read rather than to think. But that is not the fault of the books or the papers. He might do something worse.

We hazard nothing in saying that the world never had better agricultural papers than to-day—and never were papers more needed. The farmer who can read and does not take an agricultural paper, makes a great mistake. No matter how much experience he may have had, or how much he knows, he will be glad to see what others are doing, and to hear what they have to say. He is not obliged to adopt their methods. Many silly things get into the papers. They raise a smile, but do no harm. The wise farmer will sift out the wheat from the chaff. He will find suggestions that are valuable. Nothing is easier than to forget. We know many things that escape our memory, and a good paper recalls them to our mind.

We might make higher claims, but leave that to the intelligence and candor of the farmers. A good agricultural paper is worth ten times what it costs, and every intelligent farmer knows this.

J. H.

SUNLIGHT IN STABLES.

We tried an experiment some years ago, to test the effect of absence of light upon a calf. We had two deep red calves of the same age (60 days), one weighing 180 pounds and the other 182 pounds. The latter we placed in a dark room, with a trough that could be filled by a spout through a partition. The other was confined in the same amount of space, but in full light, and both were fed exactly alike for the next three months. The object was to test the effect of light upon such a growing animal.

At the end of the time, the one in the light weighed 430 pounds, and the one in the dark weighed 360 pounds, and its color had faded to a very pale, dirty red. Its eyes were so much affected, when admitted to the light, that it kept them closed most of the time, for the first week or two. The two calves were kept on together, but the one from the dark room never fully recovered from this three months of darkness. It never recovered its bright red color, although the color improved.

Any one who noted these two calves, during this experiment, would never after doubt the impolicy of a dark stable. Sunlight is indispensable to healthy vegetable and animal life. Every farmer sees his cat and dog select a belt of sunlight to lie and bask in; and if he will watch his cattle, when turned out, he will find them seeking at once the sunny side of the barn-yard. And with all these indications before his eyes, still the farmer keeps his animals in a dark stable, much to their discomfort and his own pecuniary loss.

We do not, of course, include all farmers in this statement, for a small minority fully understand the importance of sunlight in stables, and make ample provision for its introduction.—*National Live-Stock Journal.*

—When men say they lose money by farming, they forget that it is not the farming, but other expenses that take away their money. It is, in fact, they who rob the farm, and not the farm them.

☞ Vegetine is composed of roots and bark and herbs. It is very pleasant to take; every child likes it.

Nearly every newspaper we pick up, nowadays, contains some new horror. In a paper before us is a poem, the author of which says, in the first line, "I will not die."

"The boy stood on the burning deck,"
The heat was just terrific;
But all his burns were quickly healed
With Great American Specific.
"It is a wonderful remedy."

The sandwich was named after a certain Earl of Sandwich. If the noble Earl was anything like the railroad style of his unbiteable namesakes he must have been a "brick."

FITS: All Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2.00 trial bottle free to fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch st. Phila., Pa.

Life is like a harness. There are traces of care, lines of trouble, bits of good fortune, breaches of good manners, bridled tongues, and everybody has a tug to pull through.

☞ A HAPPY THOUGHT. Diamond Dyes are so perfect and so beautiful that it is a pleasure to use them. Equally good for dark or light colors. 10c. at druggists. Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt. Sample card, 32 colors, and book of directions for 2c. stamp.

It is a pretty healthy man who can read a patent medicine almanac without suddenly discovering that he is afflicted with about 150 of the 200 diseases described therein.

Have you ague in the face and is it badly swollen? Have you severe pains in the chest or side? Have you cramps or pains in the limbs, or rheumatism in any form? If so get Johnson's Anodyne Liniment. It will give instant relief, and finally cure you.

The editor of a Texas paper advertises that everything except soap-grease will be taken in payment of subscriptions to his paper. A very little soap will last a Texas paper a long time.

COL. CLARK,
U. S. Army writes: For the last two years my health has been excellent; this, I think, is due to my using Sulphur Bitters, as formerly my health was miserable, owing to the frequent changes of climate, etc., so incident to a soldier's life.

A fellow by the name of Axxxxxxy visited Bay St. Louis, in Mississippi, last week. He is supposed by some to be a woodchopper by profession and a pretty good one at that.

—The Great Remedy for Billiousness, Headache, Dyspepsia, General Debility, and Constipation, is "L. F." Atwood's Bitters, trade-mark, "L. F." This is a justly celebrated medicine. Be not misled by signature of one "Wood," nor of one "Moses F. Atwood."

A physician says: "If a child does not thrive on fresh milk, boil it. He does not state how long the child should be boiled. We should think there would be danger of letting it boil too long.

From Major Downs, Military Instructor at Mt. Pleasant Academy, Sing Sing, N. Y.: During the very cold weather I was suffering with Catarrh. My head and throat ached so severely that I was obliged to keep quiet. Ely's Cream Balm was suggested. Within an hour from the first application I felt relieved, the pain began to subside. In a few days I was entirely cured. W. A. DOWNS. Price 50c.

Johnny thinks his mother is not a good temperance woman, because he heard his aunt say, when his mother was sick, that the trouble was insider; and he says no temperance woman would drink cider.

THE FIRST KEEN TWINGE.
As the season advances, the pains and aches by which rheumatism makes itself known, are experienced after every exposure. It is not claimed that Hood's Sarsaparilla is a specific for Rheumatism—we doubt if there is, or can be, such a remedy. But the thousands benefitted by Hood's Sarsaparilla, warrant us in urging others who suffer from rheumatism to take it before the first keen twinge.

"Which would you rather have, a little brother or a little sister?" asked Mrs. Simple of her boy Tommy.
"Oh, ma! don't let us have either of them—children are such a nuisance about the house."

EXTRACT FROM LETTER.
"In the winter of 1877-8, I was confined to the house three or four months and to the bed four weeks with Rheumatism. I could get no relief. I began using Henry & Johnson's Arnica & Oil Liniment, and in ten days by the use of half a bottle I was cured.
NATHAN JEWETT,
East Haddam, Ct."

Baxter's Mandrake Bitters cure all diseases arising from Billiousness. N. H. Downs' Vegetable Balsamic Elixir cures Coughs, Colds and Consumption.

"My mission is to mould public opinion," said an editor who was notoriously slow and old-fogy in his notions. "I believe you," said the man with whom he was talking, "your constituents are covered with it an inch deep."

"ROUGH ON COUGHS."
Ask for "Rough on Coughs," for Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Hoarseness. Troches 15c.; liquid 25c.

"ROUGH ON RATS."
Clears out Rats, Mice, roaches, flies, ants, bed-bugs, skunks, chipmunks, gophers. 15c. At Druggists.

HEART PAINS.
Palpitation, Dropsical Swellings, Dizziness, Indigestion, Headache, Sleeplessness cured by "Wells' Health Renewer."

"ROUGH ON CORNS."
Ask for Wells' "Rough on Corns." 15c. Quick, complete cure. Hard or soft Corns, Bunions, warts.

"ROUGH ON PAIN" POROUSED PLASTER.
Strengthening, improved, the best for backache, pains in chest or side, rheumatism, neuralgia.

THIN PEOPLE.
"Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia, etc. $1.

WHOOPING COUGH,
And the many Throat Affections of children, promptly, pleasantly and safely relieved by "Rough on Coughs." Troches 15c., Balsam 25c.

MOTHERS.
If you are failing, broken, worn out and nervous, use "Wells' Health Renewer." $1. At Druggists.

LIFE PRESERVER.
If you are losing your grip on life, try "Wells' Health Renewer." Goes direct to weak spots.

"ROUGH ON TOOTHACHE."
Instant relief for Neuralgia, Toothache, Faceache. Ask for "Rough on Toothache." 15 and 25c.

PRETTY WOMEN.
Ladies who would retain freshness and vivacity don't fail to try "Wells' Health Renewer."

CATARRHAL THROAT AFFECTIONS.
Hacking, irritating Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat cured by "Rough on Coughs." Troches, 15c.; liquid, 25c.

"ROUGH ON ITCH."
"Rough on Itch" cures Humors, Eruptions, ringworm, tetter, salt rheum, frosted feet, chilblains.

THE HOPE OF THE NATION.
For children, slow in development, puny and delicate, use "Wells' Health Renewer."

WIDE AWAKE
Three or four hours every night coughing. Get immediate relief and sound rest by using Wells' "Rough on Coughs." Troches, 15c; Balsam, 25c.

"ROUGH ON PAIN" POROUSED PLASTER;
Strengthening, improved, the best for backache, pains in chest or side, rheumatism, neuralgia.

Losing a score of precious lives to plant an imaginary banner two degrees nearer a mythical north pole than England has done is nothing to brag of. All honor to the dead. Lock up those who have escaped, that they may not lecture.

CONSUMPTION CURED.
An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East Indian missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility, and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send, free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing with stamp, naming this paper. W. A. NOYES, *149 Powers's Block, Rochester, N. Y.*